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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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PUBLISHERS
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OUR OFFER FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

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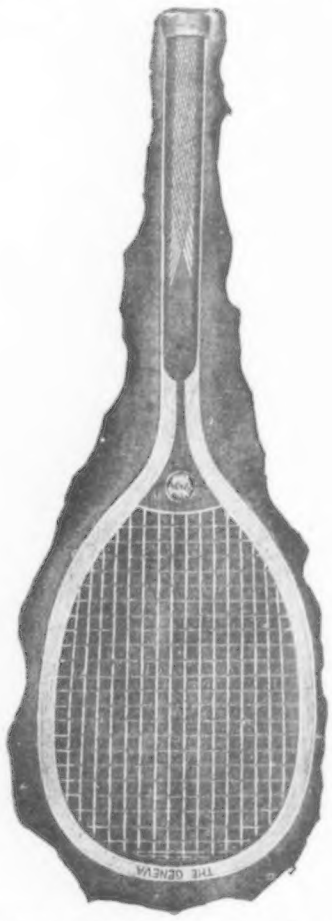

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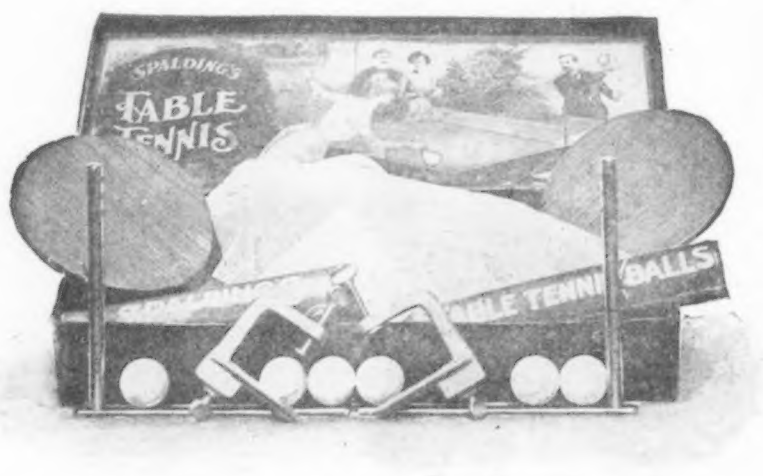

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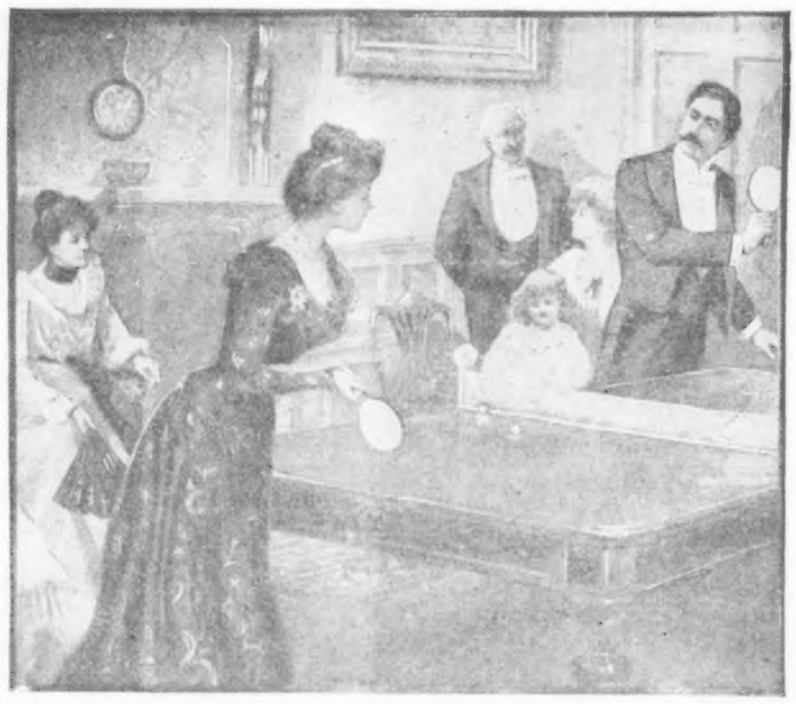

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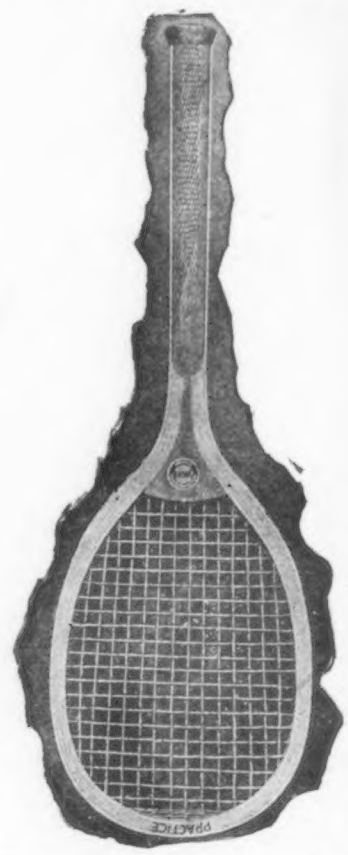

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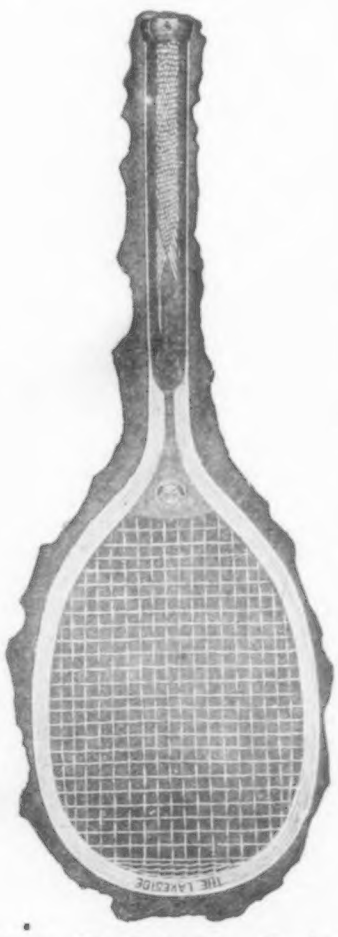

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ADDRESS, **AMERICAN FASHION CO., Inc., 853 Broadway, New York City**

MERCERIZED cheviots are among the most popular dress goods for Summer. In white and self color they divide attention with white madras. Silk and linen batistes in self color are also much worn. There is certainly no questioning the vogue of self colored goods, and from écru to light brown, wash dresses present a uniformity of shade that is a little startling. Tans, grays and creams, royal blue and a combination of black and white are accounted the smartest color schemes for light-weight fabrics. Linen batistes sprinkled with embroidered dots make up prettily, and swiss linens, pongees and Shantung silks covered with hand embroidery are very fashionable.

Soft clinging fabrics, like peau de cygne and crêpe de chine, are excellent materials for demidress costumes which are not expected to see the tub. Voile is useful in the same capacity. A garment of the latter in reseda green was designed with a long, clinging skirt half covered with pin plaits whose length graduated from front to back. The sleeves presented a clever use of plaiting, extending from shoulder to elbow. The plaits began again below the elbow, leaving a puff of the voile to flare over the bend of the arm. The bodice displayed the same use of plaits that marked the skirt and was trimmed with small buttons. Lace frills edged an inserted yoke of guipure, and softened the loose, flaring cuffs at the wrists. A ceinture of soft silk was fastened with an amethyst clasp.

The use of flowers in embroidery has progressed so far that some leaders of fashion are endeavoring to exploit their favorite blossom on collars, waistbands and revers. A feature of wash dresses, particularly linen, is the quantity of hand-worked embroidered collars, cuffs and girdles, and bands for the front. As the work is done with colored wash silks the effect is rich. Deep shoulder collars are embroidered in the same way.

* * *

Summer parasols are much trimmed with lace, and those of white glacé or satin are almost covered with lines of black lace. The vandyked and scalloped laces, also those in waved and scroll designs, are much used on parasols, the écru and cream lace on black, black Chantilly and blonde laces on white and pale colors. Even *en-tout-cas* have borders woven or printed on the silk, and very elaborate parasols have coverings of lace and frills of chiffon. Dresden handles are very beautiful and the sticks are invariably enameled to match the sunshade.

Smart footgear has moderate heels and slightly pointed toes in which the point is graduated off by slow degrees. A very chic shoe shown in glacé, patent and tan leather has three small straps to button over the instep. Gloves in white, tan, cane and biscuit tints are very fashionable, and plain backs are preferred to those with stitchings.

What a luxury loving nation we are getting to be, especially we women. I suppose this is the reason why we so often fail to make both ends of a dress allowance meet. It is not the actual frocks themselves, but the hundred and one accessories which seem so difficult to obtain without a goodly supply of ready cash. Apart from the fancy for white or pale gray gloves, which are *de rigueur* at the moment, there are all sorts of fascinating little dress fads. For instance, the white tulle bow, (a thing that seems never to go out of fashion and is variously worn in front or in back) the ethereal ruffs with rose petals, the white veil, the many dainty chiffon blouses and white lawn shirt waists, not to speak of such trifles as silk petticoats, up-to-date coiffures, and beauty aides in general, cost more, far more than the mere casual observer would imagine.

* * *

We are coming back again to an old friend in the form of coral, and some beautiful black gowns have coral trimmings introduced in various ways, intermixed with gold embroidery in relief, coral ornaments mingled with pearls also set off many dresses to advantage. A good many tassels of small beads, chenille and pearls figure on the gowns and jackets of the day. Even the sailor collars are finished off with them. Appliqué of painted panne has a richer effect than embroidered cretonne sprays, although in similar style, and the prettiest method of using these trimmings is over bands of broad lace insertion or on medallions of net or chiffon. Tiny buckles in paste filagree or enamel are naturally in favor when velvet tabs and straps are promised to be liberally used on new fall gowns. Where jeweled lace is employed the dainty little slides of turquoise, coral or pearl are delightfully smart.

* * *

Comfort is a consideration in all of the various styles that now prevail. All the Summer gowns are built for coolness and are far and away superior in that respect to the gowns of preceding Summers. But there are also gowns of sterner stuff to be had in these days of lace. Everything possible has been done for the comfort of the outing girl. Soft, easy stocks are better than the old-time stiff linen collar; shirt waists are of the becoming Gibson model; skirts are short enough to do away with the necessity of holding them up, and of such light weight as to be no sort of burden. Furthermore the skirts are cut on very becoming lines. All this is in marked contrast to the state of affairs that existed in the early days of the athletic woman.

Blue serge is not so very frequent occurrence, but some smart suits are made from it. One of these has a jaunty little Eton trimmed with fine black silk cord. The collar and waistcoat are of a lighter shade of blue and are stitched in black. The skirt, of convenient walking length, is made with a plain panel in front, while at the sides there is a shaped flounce. The skirt is trimmed with stitched strappings piped with black.

* * *

Tennis suits are of either white piqué or of white duck. The blouse is usually of the Gibson model and the skirt may be prettily made with an inverted plait in back and three small buttons on either side of the front. Charming dust coats are made of biscuit colored alpaca and trimmed with deep collar and cuffs of black satin overlaid with guipure lace. Long ends of black satin ribbon fasten the neck, each end terminating with a black silk tassel. White linen trimmed with guipure, also pongee with cloth collar and cuffs are among the smart models made up by our leading houses. Really there is no excuse nowadays for a woman to be dressed dowdily, fashions are appropriate, fetching and tasteful.

EVENING AND HOUSE GOWNS.

(Described on page 39.)

WE are all slaves—believe me—fettered and chained, with heavy iron bands or with garlands around our necks. These chains hold us very securely, may enfold us so gently that we hardly feel them, or may weigh us down with their force, visible or invisible. We wear them with patience or we kiss them with ecstacy. We are slaves, slaves, always slaves, yes. I assure you that even in spite of the supposed "Freedom of Thought," you are not able to think what you will but that even your most original *bon mot* is the result of your chain of ideas. Does this irritate you? It doesn't irritate me, for I assure you I don't rattle my chains; I adore them, and have by that, I think, chosen the better part.

You see everything in this world is joined by a chain, and you either have to get mad at everything or at nothing, for each happening is but a link of this colossal chain. And as you can't take the position of a universal turkey who vents his rage at the sight of a scarlet rag and look at the world in this light, you must, in logical consequence, look at the details of life as so many links that are to be accepted with patience. Now this most amiable and charming philosophy—

"Beg pardon, Mr. Barton—"

"How many times have I told you, Harrison, not to disturb me when I am writing?"

"A messenger brought a letter, sir."

"Very well. Put it here. And don't, under any circumstances, disturb me again."

Isn't that enough to rouse any one's anger? When one is at work upon a most important thesis, one's brain eagerly thinking, the weight of thought so great that one must support one's head with the hand, following the chain of ideas—always supposing you have ideas—and in comes such a fool of a valet with an entirely useless and uninteresting letter! I am sure it's from my tailor and shall not bother reading it now.

I have a most stupendous task on hand—it is going to be an elaborate work on philosophy—and the introductory words are meant for a chapter on the "Interchaining of Things"—how does that strike you? And why shouldn't I? I am wealthy, have a beautiful house in New York's residential portion, a charming country seat à la colonial in the most desirable part of Long Island (where, by the way, I am now sojourning), so surely I can dispose of my time as I like, and as I haven't the faintest idea how to grow cabbages, I have turned my attention to literature, with the firm resolve to issue an epoch-making book that shall make my name famous on both continents.

Now this chain of ideas has taken my attention from my work, and it will require some exertion to concentrate my thoughts upon it again. The best thing to do is to leave my metaphysical ruminations alone for to-day—nobody can write a work on philosophy in twenty-four hours—and see what my esteemed tailor has to communicate. How magnetic a sealed letter is! We are not satisfied until we hold it open in our hands.

Oh, what a surprise! The letter isn't from my tailor at all!

THE CEDARS.

"Mrs. Catherine Bruce Miller requests the pleasure of your company at dinner, Thursday evening, September seventeenth."

How very remarkable! Mrs. Miller is, if I am not mistaken, the widow of one of our trust magnates, and has recently bought "The Cedars," one of the handsomest places on Long Island. I know her only slightly, having met her at the Bentley's; she has a lovely daughter, but is herself decidedly *nouveau riche*. The daughter is engaged to be married. But that won't prevent my going there to dinner, even if I am of Norman descent and they are *nouveau riche;* I rather enjoy the *betises* these people sometimes make; of course one ought not, under these circumstances, partake of her hospitality, but what's the difference?

Engaged to be married! What a chain of pictures does that awaken in one's mind? Two people who henceforth shall be one, and how many incidents must have occurred before heart found heart. I ought to get married, too. I am thirty-six years old, my family has given warriers and statesmen to its country, I am of pleasing appearance—by Jove, I have gotten quite into the style of a matrimonial advt.—and—an idea—why not? *Cela n'engage à rien* and playing with the accidental is a charming pastime. In a few moments—acting on impulse as I always do—I have written the following: "A young gentleman of pleasing appearance, thirty-six years of age—no, that is too *banal*, no woman of esprit will take the trouble to answer.

"In ballrooms, in summer resorts, at house parties there is often a chain of circumstances that leads to the joining of two hearts, why not in the columns of a newspaper? A young man of independent position, possessing common sense and a warm heart, wishes a wife who has youth, beauty and esprit; he seeks this unconventional way of winning a prize in life's lottery. Address: *Cela n'engage à rien.*"

There, that sounds better.

"Harrison."

"Yes, sir."

"See that this letter goes out at once."

The letter that is to bring a little diversion into my life, being disposed of, I begin to think of the duties of the next few days, the dinner, the answers to my ad. and the various correspondence that will spring from it. I fear my book will not get very much attention. You have no idea how much concentration of thought, how much study is required to write a book. I never realized it before. This book on philosophy is my first attempt. Stupendous! I should say so! I am sure Darwin must have had an idea like mine when he tried to demonstrate the development of organism, but I mean to touch upon the subject from all sides, improve upon the fundamental idea: from the beginning of the world, the atom, to the system of the sun, from Adam to my valet Harrison. Whew!

Peculiar what a charm Elizabeth Miller exercises upon everyone!

There is only one thing that worries me about my work, and that is that my thoughts won't form a regular chain, but jump around like young grasshoppers. Well, at any rate, I am well supplied with copy paper, I bought a whole ream.

* * *

I'm afraid my ream of paper is going to last a long while, I am using only the second sheet and six days have passed since I jotted down my ideas on the first sheet. I hope you don't think this want of consistency, and that I am one of those people who commence everything and complete nothing. I don't want to deserve this reproach.

In some instances fetters are really charitable; what are law, custom and demeanor, if not fetters. Did these not exist I would have said to Elizabeth Miller the other day:

"Most glorious of women, leave your old fogy of a fiancé and come to me."

She is really dazzling, and the figure of a goddess. She looks like Judith; dark, determined, passionate. How sweet a chain must that be when she loosens her braids of hair, black as the raven's wing, and throws these soft silky strands around her lover's neck.

At the dinner she sat opposite me, and more than once I felt the warmth of her eye. Ah, divinity, why did I not know you sooner!

Her fiancé is a most dignified man of about fifty-five, some thirty years older than Elizabeth, and, with the exception of his millions, he appears to me quite common. The whole thing seems to be a marriage of convenience arranged by that dragon of a mother.

I can't understand that proud, energetic girl; how could she choose in such a cold, mercenary way!

But, of course, the whole thing doesn't really concern me. I have already been asked to the wedding in December. The mother was as sweet as sugar to me and seems to respect the size of my family tree immensely. Noticing this I brought my whole feudal air into requisition and told her many legends about my ancestors and their distinguished alliances.

"And you are the last of your family?" asked Mrs. Miller, quite sentimentally.

"Yes, with me my family becomes extinct."

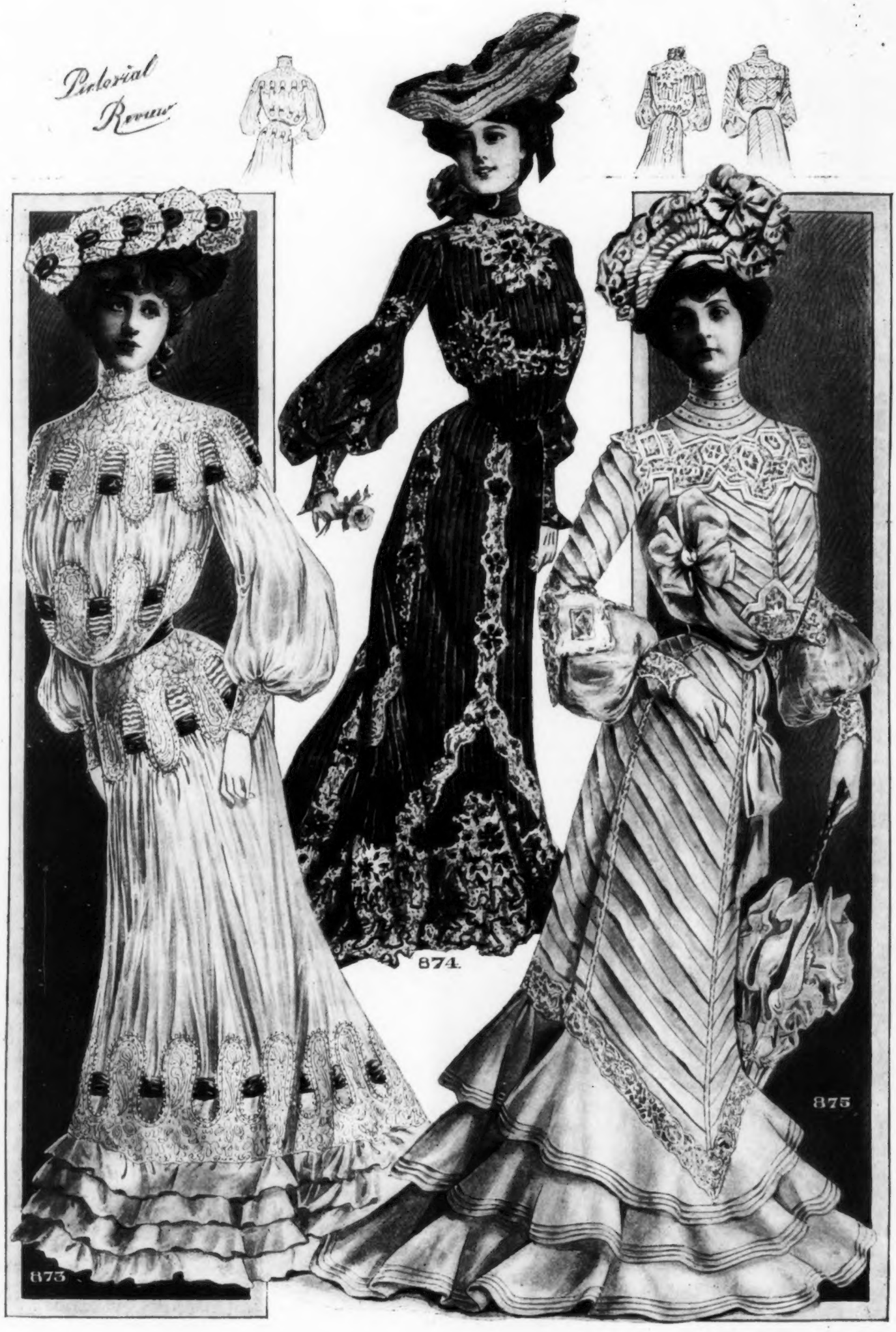
"How sad," she sighed.

"Yes," I continued, "at my coffin, my coat-of-arms shall be destroyed, the sword of my fathers sinks with me into the grave and my name will live only in the annals of history that report the doings of my illustrious ancestors, that is," I added, "if I don't leave a couple of boys."

"What have you there, Harrison?"

"The mail, sir."

Really, the mail. Do you know how nice it is



ELABORATE GOWNS FOR CALLING OR DRIVING.

(Described on page 39.)

to get your mail when you are about sixty miles from civilization?

First all the current magazines, a lot of newspapers, how delightful! This letter is really from my tailor, this one is from an old aunt whom I congratulated on her birthday, neither very interesting. And this package, ah! *c'est charmant,* is the result of my ad.—one, two, three—thirty-seven! All addressed to *"Cela n'engage à rien."*

Farewell for the present, Philosophy! I really don't feel like working. It appears to me thou art dry to-day, my fair Philosophy.

* * *

Out of all those thirty-seven letters only one has impressed me. The writing is firm and the style correct; it is a strong contrast to the others filled with grammatical errors and poor spelling—entirely nondescript.

"Aside from the dusty, monotonous highway of life" thus ran the letter, "that lies behind me and before me, I see a mysterious, cool, leafy passage that leads God knows where—whether to an abyss or to a garden of roses, who can tell—since the milestone merely says 'accidental' and the chain of the accidental is simply endless. Into this leafy passage I take one step, perhaps two—I shall not dare go very far, but there is a peculiar charm about everything indefinite, out of the ordinary, and from the beginning we agree upon this: *Cela n'engage à rien.* What adds to the enchantment of this step is that I feel like a captive who throws aside his fetters for an hour and rejoices in freedom. I am surrounded on all sides by the chains of position, training, propriety. In no sense of the word am I free, and that is why this forbidden excursion is doubly sweet. I am not happy. But I will not tire you with a history of my life. As with this I am departing from the decorous path of society I shall veil myself securely. The recipient of this missive does not, and never shall, know who the writer is. It is only a fleeting communion of soul with soul. Your answer will tell me if it is a related soul. Address A. Z., General Delivery, Chicago."

This letter simply enraptured me. It impressed me like a black satin mask behind which one sees bright eyes and pearly teeth, and from the eyes flashes the rare spark of esprit. My fancy was all fire and flame. I shall gladly follow her into the leafy passage that leads us a step from the way, and as she says herself, the chain of the accidental is simply endless; perhaps it will lead us both to—what does she call it—gardens of roses, and maybe even further, to the ideals of Paradise—the Paradise of Love.

"Harrison!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Get me a glass of ice water."

Perhaps she is married—unhappily married? Desdemona guarded by an infuriated Othello?

I shall reply to her letter at once.

"You have made the task of answering you very difficult, my interesting correspondent, because you wish to learn from my letter whether I have a soul. This feeling thing which has been a subject of dispute and argument from Plato's day to this, whereof there exists no tangible proof, you wish to find among the pages of a general delivery letter?

"At the same time I know very well what you mean. I can imagine that one must approach your soul, veiled and concealed, with all possible gentleness, does one not wish to see it flutter away.

"How unfortunate that I am not a poet. Perhaps I would then be able to clothe that barely perceptible trembling in words, which overcame my soul at the spirit that breathed from your words—and with that give documentary proof that I have a soul. But I am no poet, and must therefore ask you to believe my simple assurance that I am worthy of your confidence, my fair Unknown! Upon my word as a gentleman!

"First of all—honoring the seclusion in which you hold yourself—let me introduce myself to you in all candor; my name is Richard Barton, at present living in Manor House, B., Long Island, which is my property, as is also No. 6001 Fifth avenue, New York. With this you are entirely at liberty to make any inquiries you may desire regarding my personality, my character, my circumstances, in fact, all details that may be of interest to you.

CHARMING EVENING GOWN

of white embroidered chiffon, trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon; skirt with flounce effect. Pattern, blouse $1.00; skirt $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

"I do not know—and presumably you do not yourself know—what experience you wish to gain from this excursion by letter, so to speak. You merely follow an accident and await the happening of the unexpected. I owe you the explanation that the point of issue, my advt., was not premeditated, but was the result of a chain of ideas and was sent into the world entirely on the impulse of the moment. This does not exclude, that I, like every bachelor in my position, would not appreciate a charming, beautiful, spirited and witty wife. This will appear to you as very natural.

"So much regarding the explanation of my advt. But we can, if you like, leave this entirely aside and regard your letter as the point of issue of our correspondence, taking, as it does, a path that has no particular aim.

"You are not happy, and not free, you say. I do not know, consequently, what rôle is allotted to me; am I to liberate you and bring you happiness, or bring you only diversion and a little consolation?

"I, personally, am free—as far as it is possible for a man to be free. I have no family, no *liaisons,* live on my income, and can, therefore, my fair correspondent, devote my time, my heart—and, if need be—my life, to your service. Only one thing occupies my mind: I am writing an elaborate treatise—"

This reminds me that I have interrupted my work. I quickly close my letter and determine to go out for a walk to quiet my troubled and agitated thoughts.

Third sheet—eight weeks without as much as the stroke of a pen! If I keep on in this way my book won't be done in ten years! But how am I to concentrate my mind on metaphysical studies when it is so occupied with this delicious correspondence, my fair unknown who now signs her letters Diana.

With feverish anxiety I await each mail and several hours every day are spent in answering—I think I have sent enough to make at least three hundred printed pages, octavo size—whole *memoirs.* Her letters, too, are more frequent and are growing longer and longer. I think the twenty-five closely written sheets she has sent me, the most fortunate of men, contain everything she has thought and felt, her whole inner life, without touching upon the material in the shape of her position or circumstances. What sparkling esprit, what a glowing fancy, what deep, intense feeling! I am in love. Yes—simply head over heels in love.

Envy me, you poor mortals, who know not what love is! I wouldn't exchange with you for a million—Diana! Diana!

She sent me her photograph, too; and yet I do not know if she is beautiful, because her features are not shown, but the composition of all the details in the picture is a coquettish little poem. The decorations do not consist of the traditional chair nor of the landscape background with impossible trees and bushes.

(Continued next month.)

* * *

The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.—Horace Walpole.

* * *

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all the virtues.—Bishop Hall.

* * *

Who are a little wise, the best fools be.—John Downe.

COLLARLESS BLOUSES OF BATISTE AND LAWN.

(Described on page 39.)

FASHION'S FANCIES FOR SEASHORE AND MOUNTAIN.

FASCINATING and beautiful are the neck trimmings with which our Summer girls dazzel the stray representative of the male sex, who is so unwise as to expose himself to the fire of their bright eyes, and innumerable are the dainty accessories in the way of washable fobs and shirt waist hats that help to subjugate him.

Every conceivable shape, style and material contribute to the enchanting array of neckwear in such a pleasing manner that all tastes, as well as every neck, may be suited.

Chief among the novelties in this line is the "bishop" stock which adorns, in an attractive manner, the trim and well-rounded throat of the girl who finds severe effects becoming. These stocks are made of fine embroidered white batiste banding. There is not the slightest stiffening of any kind, and the edging of the band makes a pretty finish at both top and bottom. Stocks of this kind fasten at the back with small pearl buttons and thread loops. At the front are arranged three straight pieces of the banding, the two under ones meeting at the center, while the third covers this line. These a e cut off square just above the bust, so that the effect is very much like a bishop's cravat.

While many of the smart, new styles of neckwear are made with turnovers, the shops are showing quite a number of plain stocks. This does not imply that turnovers are less in vogue than formerly. On the contrary, they have grown to be an essential part of nearly all kinds of collars and stocks.

Summer neckwear has reached the very pinnacle of excellence in every respect. It is cool, which fact alone recommends it, and besides this it is comfortable. As these two characteristics have long been desired and rarely attained without sacrificing smartness and style, we may consider the newest stocks as eminently satisfactory in every respect, for certainly they are all immensely chic.

For coolness nothing could exceed the stock made of small overlapping folds of grass linen and reaching a depth of three-quarters of an inch at the top, with an inch wide open space running through the center, then another band of folds finishing the bottom. Featherbone at the sides and back keep the strips apart and three pieces of linen are fastened at intervals with pale blue French knots, while a very open lacing partly covers the space between.

Ribbons for neckwear, unless made up into fancy knotted stocks, are evidently passé. Indeed, it seems that at present nothing is considered quite so chic as the separate stock, which is merely a shaped collar. By no means is this a simple affair, rather the contrary. If a stock happens to be made with a drooping point in front, then the space so secured usually exhibits an elaborate trimming of drawn work or pretty appliqué.

There are quantities of scarf pins from which to choose, and the athletic girl has everything to herself. Golf sticks, ping-pong, racquets, crops, stirrups, tennis racquets, etc., are among the many designs made up to adore the tie of our airy-fairy Summer Girl.

* * * *

Washable affairs seem to be the order of the day, for we not alone have tub gowns, parasols that will stand a thorough drenching, coats that will stand a rigorous treatment with soap and water, and now bobs up another little fancy, indeed, we may call it quite a novelty, which is pretty useful and serviceable and is destined to be a success as a summer accessory of the smart, immaculate duck and linen girl.

This new accessory takes the form of a washable fob and displays all manner of miniature belongings characteristic of the sportswoman. Knowing the Summer Girl's fondness for things fresh, pretty and immaculate, clever minds have been kept busy discovering and designing novelties which will suit her particular taste, and a genuinely new article has been offered in the shape of the washable fob. Before leaving town the Summer Girl is supplying herself with a generous variety of these little ornaments to match her shirt waists and Summer frocks. Mercerized canvas and fine white piqué are used for the majority of these attractive fobs, while an air of elegance is secured by having the guard made of white or pale tinted moiré ribbon.

Enameled buckles, representing one's favorite college colors are one of the fads, and the round lobe-like end of the fob shows some pretty embroidery in a weird Chinese or Japanese design, and the influence of the coronation is shown by a trio of graceful plumes surmounted by a crown, all worked in colored silks. Instead of the round lobe end showing an embroidered pattern in colors sporting taste finds satisfaction in stirrups, spurs, crops, etc., fastened to the linen. The golf enthusiast, too, is considered, for very pretty is a scarlet linen fob with tiny crossed golf clubs. Pretty belts and stocks are made to match these new watch guards, and the sets are practical and extremely smart, without being too elaborate.

* * * *

The Summer-time She of the Sailor Hat is no more! The pretty severities of her reign are over. She is as dead as a forgotten sweetheart.

The Girl of the Fobs and Green Veil has replaced her in the fickle mind of man and the charm of her boyish femininity is only a subtle fragrance of the past. Her sudden demise has been explained in many ways; there is the incongeniality of the up-to-date shirt waist, with its assumption of ruffles and laces, and frilly things far removed from the sailor hat standard —in fact, the entire accoutrements of the Sailor Hat Girl have one by one basely translated themselves into the natural concomitants of her successful rival.

But these alone have not sufficed to kill her. What were fripperies to her splendid plainness? Just a tilt of that straight brim could have frowned down all the follies of the entire Summer brigade. No one till now has penetrated the mystery, but the real truth of the matter is that the passing of the Sailor Hat Girl is due to an affair of the heart.

Last Summer it began. The Sailor Hat Girl was in her glory. She was as stiff and high-crowned and tailor made a young person as one could desire. She had seen many seasons but came out absolutely unscathed. In vain the Outing Hat Girl assailed her popularity. She slew thousands as calmly as in the early days of her accession. Then without warning—the traditional bolt out of a clear sky—came the Panama Man!

At the close of last season the Panama Man was a well-defined fad. At the beginning of this season he was a fact. And what self-respecting Sailor Hat could be found in such company?

It is only the oft-repeated tale of man's perfidy, but it has slain the most fascinating Summer girl of them all!

* * *

We have for some seasons been wearing any amount of jewelry, and now there threatens to be an increase in that direction. An immense number of old patterns are being reset and the styles of the grand monarque are those which would seem to find special attraction. Large stones predominate in rings and elsewhere, and filets of jewels now incircle many shapely heads. The old modes which have been perpetuated in some of the old keepsakes of beauties, viz., a pear-shaped pearl or some particular gem, descending on the forehead, is a revival. Enameled wreaths have diamond dewdrops, and the hair requires to be dressed to suit this headgear.

* * *

Shirt waist hats have been quite the thing in New York ever since their introduction. They are strictly tailor made. Not every hat creator is able to build a smart tailor model, for, as with gowns, it is much easier to cover up lines with soft, fluffy masses of trimming. Dashing lines, however, are the one thing needed to make the shirt waist hat a success, and it naturally follows that much less ornamentation is used for this style than for other models. In contour, the tailor hat conforms to the prevailing modes, while the size may be medium or small, according to individual taste. Rather rough straws are effectively trimmed with fancy Tuscan or chrysanthemum braid ornaments, such as cabochons, fringed rosettes, buckles and straps. These modish conceits give the hat a tailored air which is very suggestive of its destined use. Sometimes a touch of black is introduced in a knot of velvet or long blade quill, which gives the hat a decidedly dashing appearance.

NEVER SLIPS or TEARS
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED
PATENT SUSTAINED BY U. S. CIRCUIT COURT
AVOID INFRINGEMENTS—INSIST ON THE GENUINE
The Velvet Grip HOSE SUPPORTER
CUSHION BUTTON
GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
Sample pair, by mail, 25c. Catalogue Free.
LOOK FOR THE NAME ON EVERY LOOP

FANCY BLOUSES FOR HOUSE WEAR.

(Described on page 39.)

AN INTERESTING MEETING.

By A. Felling.

FOR about a week they sat opposite each other at the table d'hôte. She was a handsome young widow, nothing very extraordinary, but quite chic. Neither was she an adventuress who cast her nets around unsuspecting men with the view of bringing them in homage to her feet. No, she had come to Interlaken quite harmlessly and unintentionally, looking for mountain air that was to benefit her two children as well as herself. She was French—a Parisian—yet did not seem to care, or wish, to enslave a male heart, which sounds incredible, but was true. At least, until the fifth of August at about seven-thirty in the evening, when the situation changed considerably. She came down rather late to the table d'hôte, because her toilette occupied a great deal of time. She dressed with the exquisite taste of the educated Frenchwoman of means. Just as soon as she sat down came the surprise I have been trying to prepare you for.

Instead of the very stiff and prim old woman who had been her *vis-à-vis*, she found a handsome young man of about thirty-five, clothed faultlessly, very *distingué* and gentlemanly, and she at once began to speculate to what nationality he might belong. In any event, he was good to look at, and had irreproachable manners, with one exception: he stared. His eyes rested on her with a fixedness of purpose that even she, the queen of every ball, the noted beauty at whom all glasses were leveled when she entered her box at the theater or opera, grew nervous, rolled the bread crumbs into little lumps and finally left the table before dessert was served.

"It is simply impossible not to grow nervous," she thought, "when anybody regards you so persistently!—yet it *is* interesting—and really—it is not a sign of bad taste—so why shouldn't he look at me!" This was the logical conclusion Mme. de Renaille arrived at as she sipped her coffee in her apartments, and, quite secretly, smoked a tiny cigarette. Men always say that smoking is conducive to logical reasoning and this was the case also with Madame Hortense. "In any case," she reflected, "one ought always to find out the name and the nationality of any one who arouses our curiosity. That is what a hotel register is made for."

I will state, in Mme. Hortense's defense, that in this moment she was really piqued by curiosity (this quality, I have heard, is to be met with occasionally in women) to discover as quickly as possible the name of her interesting neighbor. "Richard Lamb, New York," was the entry. What a disappointment! A plain American! And then what a name—Lamb! No count, no baron, not a solitary title had the man who had been presumptuous enough to stare at her! Really, it was outrageous! She decided to treat her *vis-à-vis* after this as if he were so much air, and sure enough, the next evening, she didn't give him the slightest look. But 'tis strange 'tis true, Hortense's icy coldness had not the desired effect; on the contrary, it made Mr. Lamb more ardent than ever. Again and again his eyes rested on her, sometimes it was her finely molded arm, sometimes her coiffure that attracted his attention, or perhaps the dainty curve of her throat and shoulder. Indeed, when she arose from her seat she noticed (some women have eyes in the back of their head) that he gazed after her until she reached the door.

If Hortense had been curious to discover particulars about the interesting stranger, Mr. Lamb was even more so, and didn't hesitate to adroitly question her maid, whom he met one morning in the hall carrying an exquisite negligée, which she had just pressed. The maid proved not averse to talking and the negligée was a good subject for the opening of the conversation, it was really a work of art and worthy of the admiration they both gave it.

Thus about a week had passed without altering matters materially; Richard Lamb still occupied his seat and occasionally treated himself to a small bottle of champagne, but the heart of the beautiful Hortense was not as calm as when first we made her acquaintance. There are few women who can remain unmoved by such ardent, if mute, homage and admiration, and her anger, too, had grown gradually less and less, to give place to a sympathy and interest that grew stronger with every day. Yes, she would have given a good deal if, instead of this silent idolatry on his part a little conversation could be begun. Her doubts, about his knowledge of French had been dispelled since the day when she heard him talking to the French attaché with all the exquisite polish of Molière's mother tongue. Hence, it could be only bashfulness.

Why should she not encourage him? Why should a woman of the world, of society, graceful and cultured, not hit upon a plan that would engage him in conversation?

The opportunity very soon presented itself. One afternoon he was walking in the spacious park that surrounded the hotel, smoking a cigar and humming a melody made famous by the latest *chansonette*, when she passed him and dropped her handkerchief as unintentionally and unobtrusively as possible. Of course it was only natural that Lamb, being a gentleman, should pick it up. Less explicable was the attention with which he regarded it—as if it contained the entire unsolved problems of the universe—and inhaled its dainty perfume. (The handkerchief really was most dainty, of batiste with exquisite embroidery.) All at once he seemed to become aware of his unsuitable behavior, hurried to the bench on which Mme. de Renaille was seated and handed her the the *corpus delicti*, murmuring a few inarticulate words. She appeared very much surprised and pretended not to have noticed her loss, although in reality not one of his movements had escaped her quick eye.

But this was not all.

One morning when she came to lunch, which was usually served on the wide piazza, again most exquisitely gowned in embroidered batiste, wearing a charming and becoming tricorne and looking more beautiful than ever, she saw Mr. Lamb quickly pull a sketchbook from his pocket and proceed to sketch her portrait with such eagerness that he was entirely oblivious to the many curious glances directed at him, and didn't even notice the waiters who all at once seemed to have something very important to do in his immediate vicinity.

Hortense's excitement grew from hour to hour, from day to day, and finally reached the passionate stage. Was he only fooling or did he really love her. Her rooms seemed small and suffocating, the ceiling seemed to weigh on her head, she wanted to get out into the open air, into Nature's broad expanse and master her agitation. Accordingly she put on her hat, hurried to the woods close by and was just on the point of letting her eyes rest on the beautiful panorama that spread itself at her feet, when suddenly she saw Richard's well-known features. He was slowly ascending the rather steep incline and presently stood beside. Her resolution was quickly formed. Faint heart ne'er won fair lady—only it was a man in this case—and why shouldn't a proverb work both ways?

"*Ah, mon Dieu,*" she sighed, "*que c'est triste!*"

"You are sad, Madame?" he asked, softly.

"Yes, when I look at this charming scene, departing from Interlaken seems very hard indeed."

"You are going away?" he cried in alarm, plainly showing the deep impression this news made upon him.

"Yes, I think I have been traveling long enough. I must spend a week or two at Biarritz."

"Ah, Madame, I regret your departure exceedingly! When you leave I shall go to. Indeed, only you are the reason I am still here, I ought to have gone long ago!"

"What have I to do with your coming or going?" she inquired as innocently as she could, although the blushes were chasing each other over her face.

"Madame, you can still ask that? Have you not noticed that for the last fortnight I have had eyes only for you? Your figure, your charm——"

"I beg of you, monsieur, spare your compliments," she interrupted, affecting modesty.

"No, no, pray rest assured that your presence was a source of great interest to me," he said with one of his most soulful looks, "and that I shall forever cherish your memory. May I ask you to just look at these?"

He again produced the sketchbook and displayed to her astonished eyes gown after gown—in fact all the gowns she had worn, even to the negligee her maid had carried that memorable morning; some were colored, some merely crayon. Even the design of the handkerchief was there, with a note that "Violettes de Nice" was the latest perfume!

Hortense gasped and almost fainted, while Mr. Lamb looked a trifle embarrassed but not at all guilty.

"Why, if I had known that these sketches would annoy you—I must really ask your pardon for doing it without your permission—I am unhappy that you should be displeased at seeing your gowns copied, but remember they are for New York, and I am sure that my fair countrywomen will wear them with the charm and grace of their beautiful owner. Again I ask your forgiveness," he said, as with a polite and courtly bow, he left her.

She, meanwhile, experienced an entire revulsion of feeling, so strong that it gave her a raging headache, and was more than ever certain that men are gay deceivers.

PRACTICAL TEA GOWNS.

(Described on page 39.)

IRRESISTIBLE.

By L. R.

THERE is no denying the fact that Arthur Dixon was born under a lucky star and was one of those happy mortals who, by simply living, filled a space in the universe and was petted and spoiled from the moment of his birth. Everyone, beginning with the mother and father, through the large retinue of servants that the wealth of the elder Dixon was able to procure, adored and idolized Arthur. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Arthur grew up into a very handsome but exceedingly arrogant boy who gradually conceived the idea that the feminine portion of the world was created merely to dance attendance on him, to find him irresistible and to submit to his slightest wish.

Arthur, who had brought several tutors to the verge of insanity, was finally ready for a training school preparatory to entering college. It was almost incredible, but the fact remained: Arthur had to leave home. His mother would have liked to see him go under the guardianship of his old nurse, if this had been at all possible, but Dr. Hatton, the president of the preparatory school, had absolutely no conception for the necessity of such a measure, and one fine day Arthur found himself quite alone in the huge school building, although there were hundreds of boys around him.

For the first few days his parents were in a state of intense excitement and awaited news from him with an almost uncontrollable eagerness. The elder Dixon was rather famous for a special breed of ducks which were so tender that they almost melted on the tongue and it was considered quite a privilege by his friends to be presented with a brace or two; consequently, in their anxiety that their pet should find favor in the stern Doctor's eyes several brace were at once dispatched to the Doctor's wife with the wish that the ducks would be welcome. The result was highly pleasing to them. Very soon letters arrived that told of Arthur's good behavior and the courtly grace with which he met everybody.

It must be admitted that when Arthur wished, or rather when he was in the mood, he could be of an irresistible amiability, which was gladly attested to even by the Doctor's spoiled daughter. And finally, to the surprise of Arthur himself, although the deficiency in many branches was only too obvious, Arthur passed his examination, and was ready for entrance to one of the most famous colleges of the country.

His parents were simply delighted at the eminent talents of their son and the latter was for quite some time the hero of the day.

After a short vacation which Arthur employed to pay court to and flatter the ladies of his acquaintance and to make use of his old charm of irresistibility, still further increasing his reputation as a gay Lothario and a young man particularly dangerous to susceptible feminine hearts, he finally entered college.

* * *

Five years later.

Our friend Arthur, after the manner of so many of his predecessors, had chosen the honored profession of the law, but it was quite fortunate that the comparative wealth of his father made it unnecessary for him to be dependent on his practice or he might have found himself in rather difficult straits. Otherwise his charm of irresistibility had not decreased but rather increased. In his more grave and serious moments, when the minor chords of his soul swayed him, so to speak, he preferred the golden-haired, blue-eyed, slender girl rather than the gray-eyed girl with raven tresses, a pale, *mat* complexion and a certain dashing way indicative of repressed vitality. Consequently the girl whom he thought worthy, after a long and careful search, to bear his name, was blond and had eyes as blue as forget-me-nots.

Eva Miller was an orphan and the possessor of quite a snug fortune; she was rather attractive but not exactly pretty, and was greatly elated when one fine day Arthur condescended to declare his love for her, begging her at the same time to let their love be a secret for the present.

"The world can discover it, my child, when I have won my first important case. Until then let our love remain our own sweet secret."

Eva was humility personified; and sweet, womanly submission itself to the wishes of her future "lord and master." To her he was perfection, her ideal, her hero.

In a very rosy mood, satisfied with themselves and the world in general Arthur and several of his friends occupied a box at the Empire Theater at the *première* of a new and engaging play. Suddenly, in the box opposite, Arthur saw a very interesting brunette of most wonderful figure and dazzling beauty, accompanied by a *distingué* elderly lady. His sense of the artistic and beautiful was at once captivated. With eagerness he questioned his friends regarding the young woman's name, position and place of residence.

"She is a very aristocratic, well-known society girl of Philadelphia," was the answer, "greatly admired, much in demand, the recipient of more offers of marriage in a month than other girls get in a year—but she is one of those cool women with passion in their hearts that are not easily won."

Arthur smiled in a superior way.

"Have any of you gentlemen the *entrée* to her home? And do you know where she is staying?" he asked.

"I do," answered Ralph Warren, his most intimate friend and chum.

"You! Really! That is fine! Then you might introduce me!" said Arthur with delight.

"Arthur," remarked Ralph to his friend when they were on their way home, "you will not be angry if I remind you of Eva? And ask you to remember that Alice Lee may easily become very dangerous to your fiancée and your own constancy?"

Arthur gave a rather forced laugh and then answered with a little vanity:

"Well, old boy, this dazzling beauty shall have permission to fall in love with me, and then——"

Warren bit his lips in anger and vexation but said nothing.

Not many days later the desired opportunity presented itself and Arthur got an introduction to the latest object of his admiration. It was at a *musicale* given by Mrs. Vanderlip and Arthur found himself in his element. He was all over, and was welcomed on all sides by the fair sex, who were charmed with his grace and handsome face. He simply captivated all the women present.

As soon as he possibly could he devoted himself exclusively to Miss Lee, who, in a décolleté gown of very pale yellow silk with a few glowing poppies in her raven hair, was beautiful beyond description. In her face intellectuality was combined with sweetness of expression and grace of form, and just this made it so singularly attractive. Arthur was beside himself with delight because she very openly favored him. Although on the whole, he thought, it is only natural. Her little flirtation with Warren was only a pardonable, feminine trick. She knew that Warren was his friend.

That same night he sent a long letter to Eva. Poor child! Its contents shattered her whole happiness.

"I feel," so ran this missive full of phrases and self-reproaches, "that I am not worthy of you. Never would I be able to make you as happy as you deserve to be, you, before all other women you are so tender and full of love. I know I shall not be the one who is to give you the supreme happiness of your life, of this I am certain after having fully tested myself. I know I am guilty but I would be still more guilty were I to bind your life to mine.....etc., etc.

Eva read this carefully worded epistle with mingled feelings, and was conscious only of the sense of embarrassment that each word seemed to breathe. She sat for hours with the letter in her hand, staring into space with dry, hot, tearless eyes.

"She will get over it," Arthur consoled himself with happy carelessness. A few days later he called, with all his irresistibility, on Miss Lee.

With his most tender and soulful look his eyes sought hers and then he proceeded to offer her his hand and heart, and to declare his love in the most carefully chosen words. Miss Lee calmly listened to him until he came to the end of his studied speech.

A gleam of half-concealed impatience, protest and just a little satisfaction appeared in her dark eyes. Arthur stood as if turned to stone as the following words came from Miss Lee's lips:

"It would be quite a puzzle to me to understand why you distinguish me—I may say distinguish?—in this manner, as I have, to my knowledge, not given you the slightest reason for it. I say it would be a puzzle, had I not repeatedly had occasion to notice, and admire, the great amount of irresistibility you possess, and you have given every evidence that you yourself are thoroughly cognizant of this charm—this irresistibility, that has led you to give your hand and heart away twice, without being troubled at all by your conscience, or having the slightest scruples. Furthermore I thought you were acquainted with the fact that, for the last week, I have been the promised wife of your friend Ralph Warren, and that——"

With a jerk Arthur pulled himself together, his eyes grew rounder and rounder, and his face, with its perplexed expression was so ludicrous that Alice burst into a ringing laugh, and cried:

"But, my dear Mr. Dixon, don't make such an idiotic face, the world won't come to an end because of this! Anyway, what can such a little defeat matter to one whose success, in just this field, is so eminent. You, who are so irresistible, will surely soon find consolation."

Arthur declined to take any notice of the irony in her words, and muttering something about a mistake, took leave of her with a formal bow.

Very proudly he descended the steps, not a trace of his defeat showing in his face, and said to his coachman:

"John, to the Club."

SKIRTS OF WOOL AND SILK.

(Described on page 39.)

Summer Millinery.

THE season's millinery owes a great deal of its attractive beauty to the innumerable flowers and quantities of foliage used in its construction. In seasons past little thought was given to having the leaves and flowers correspond, and not infrequently rose leaves were mixed with violets, long slender lily leaves with hyacinths and oak leaves with lilacs. Now all this is changed and foliage comes in as great a variety as Nature herself produces. We are not limited to two or three kinds that have to do duty for all flowers and buds. Neither do we in this season see green pinks, blue buttercups nor other impossibilities, and if one may say so the mingling of autumn leaves with currants and kindred berries is about the only monstrosity one comes across. However, it must be admitted that autumn leaves, with small scarlet berries like currants, etc., make a charming decoration for an all-white hat, in combination with red or black velvet ribb n. A great many hats are made entirely of foliage or of flowers, and both have net or tulle rosettes for garniture. The flower hats are particularly becoming to youthful faces, but a woman of more mature years can with safety wear a hat made of leaves beautifully blended, which show rich red and yellow tints, as well as browns and dull greens.

Hats made entirely of violets are very fashionable. These blossoms come in every conceivable shade of mauve, purple and violet, as well as in all-white. The crown is sometimes made of interwoven stems, the brim of the flowers, and the trimming of bunches of leaves and buds. Very charming was a hat of white and purple violets trimmed with the same shades of ribbon and a few pearl cabochons.

Another fashionable flower is the geranium, which can be had in pink and brilliant red, silk or velvet forming the petals and thereby adding a peculiar depth to the flower. The leaves of this flower are very pretty and have a frosted appearance that is decidedly attractive. Nasturtiums are also reproduced exactly according to Nature's patterns with all their peculiar shades and the odd light lines that run through the leaves.

Enough cannot be said of the roses which are present in all sizes and grades, from the tiniest buds to huge American beauties, and occupy a place that cannot be filled by any other flower. The new yellow roses are very effective on all-black hats, and many of the crowns of the tricorne hats are composed entirely of flowers; very effective are the hats of ecru lace straw with crown of tiny button roses—white shaded with pink toward the center.

"Dolly Varden" hats are conspicuous for their wild flowers, and are extensively worn in the country where they are entirely in keeping with their surroundings. They are trimmed with wreaths of daisies, buttercups, an occasional poppy, and long grasses that droop over the brim. A black velvet bow usually completes the garniture.

Aigrettes are returning to favor and are very effective on the tricornes that have attained such an extended vogue. Another popular fancy, and a new way of treating broad-brimmed hats, is black velvet ribbon drawn in and out of straw braid. This is frequently the sole trimming of many of the black and white hats. Another stylish fancy consists of wheels and fluted shells of straw as well as ribbon. In many cases, especially the latter, they are wired and mounted on crinoline. In some cases they stand up all around the brim, producing a stiff but becoming effect.

A decided novelty is the chrysanthemum straw, which looks like the soft curving petals of the flower, massed together. It has a charming effect, and toques and turbans made of it in soft pastel tints require little trimming except a bow or a looped arrangement of flowered ribbon.

Very handsome are the hats of Irish lace which have broad brims faced with white chiffon and trimmed with a mass of large pink crush roses. At the back the brims are indented and trimmed with black velvet bows. Becoming to some faces are the flat, large hats of black chiffon whose sole garniture consists of a softly draped black lace scarf caught together in back with jewelled pins, with the ends of the scarf falling down on the hair. Long ostrich plumes trim some of the large hats, together with loops of ribbon. The under brim is sometimes covered with small flowers or foliage that rests prettily on the hair.

It is rather unusual to see flowers and wings combined, but some stunning hats are made of roses and white wings for decoration. They are usually walking hats, very severe in outline, the wings forming the side trimming. A new vocation has come to the saucerbrim sailor, as is seen in its latest guise as outing hat, with a charming garniture of twisted lawn and white wings. It is decidedly chic and smart in effect. There is some effort made in many cases to have the hat match the costume. This is especially noticeable when light foulards are figured with white and trimmed with black lace. The hat is white, with flowers to match the color of the dress, and black velvet ribbon forms bows wherever permissible.

Ready-to-wear hats are adorned with a scarf-like drapery similar to the ones seen so extensively last year, and are relieved only by a quill or wing effect. Large choux of silk in white or a delicate shade of pink are used on white hats in place of roses, and when properly made, look much like the natural flower, although no attempt is made to copy the flower. Very pretty are the butterfly bows made with four long loops, that give a very flat appearance to the back of the hat and the ends hang over the brim. Some hats show only ribbon as the sole garniture, and have no ornaments whatever, save a loose ribbon knot. Ribbon buttons are extensively used in place of the jet or pearl cabochons and are decidedly preferable for a hat that is to see extensive wear and tear.

Ornaments of straw are much lighter than metal or jewelled ones, and are truly unique. The straw is often covered with Tuscan beads and then twisted into buckles or other unique forms. The buckles are from six to ten inches long and quite wide. Quills are seen on a great many hats and in some cases are very effective. The broad-brimmed hats that flare upward are usually draped with silk or satin through which a long black quill is passed, this constituting the sole decoration on the hat.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FLEXIBLE FABRICS.

(Described on page 39.)

The Cult of the Flowers.

NEVER since time began were flowers so much talked about and written about as now. Poet, prince and peasant alike are discussing and cultivating them. There is not a new word to be said, but perhaps less is thought about the way people are cultivated by the flowers, though there is no denying the fact that we are cultivated by them. So far back as memory takes us we can trace this. Longfellow says:

In all climes and in all seasons,
Do flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons
How akin they are to human things.

To begin at the beginning, were not flowers among our earliest and best-loved playthings? First the daisy chains, then the buttercups, and then the little gardens with flowers of our own to tend. Looking back to childish days, many of us may recollect that our first ideas of happiness and beauty are bound up with our flower memories. The Garden of Eden is often the earliest paradise we picture. It is so much easier to realize than any other—a garden full of flowers, with blossoming trees and fragrant paths. To many a child these simple visions, founded on what is both most beautiful and most familiar, stand for Heaven, and make us feel we should be quite at home there.

It will often be a flower that awakens us to a sense of beauty. We always see the things before us in a way, but sometimes suddenly it is as if scales had fallen from our eyes, and we beheld them differently. They strike us as fresh. It is like getting a new sense, which makes us believe in the possibility of a few new senses being given us some day.

When a child of not more than three or four, someone gave me a flower; only a homely little thing, but the color was beautiful. It is the first flower I remember and I can never forget it. All it meant to me was never told. What grown-up person could explain it, much less a little child? But one does not feel things the less for not being able to put the feelings into words.

Passing on to school days, happy are the children who have a garden to run into between lessons. How delightful to leave a sum that has wriggled itself into a knot, or some labyrinthine exercise, to spend a quarter of an hour's bliss among the flowers! What rest and refreshment, and what strength renewed to begin again!

When childish days are over, and the time of romance has come, then the flowers have more to do with us and we with them than ever. It is not only the blue forget-me-not of the brook that grows for happy lovers. All flowers of the field and garden are for love-gifts, and fitly so, for the flowering time of the plant is also its love season, corresponding to that period of human life, when love is making and destinies are shaped, the time of romance and ideals, beloved of poets and writers.

The old and pretty fashion of ballroom bouquets is not so much seen in these days. The flowers are differently used but they are there. They have the same part to play and they play it as prettily as ever. Indeed, wherever there is love there are flowers, and when human utterance fails the flowers must tell the story. In the highest expression of love, which is worhip, they speak for us again. At the feast-days of the church, and in the festival of marriage, what could we do without the flowers! In all countries flowers seem to have a place in worship. There are the rose-petals of Italy, the marigolds of India, as well as the primroses and daffodils of England, our own American-beauty roses and goldenrod. Like music, flowers are uplifting and express for us the inexpressible.

Who shall say how much the cultivation of flowers had had to do in cultivating their cultivators? We had better ask the Buddhists, whose ancient religion teaches them much about these things. Their faith is that the love of flowers inculcates "gentleness, self-denial and forgetfulness of cares," and they expect the highest qualities in those to whom they entrust the care and culture of flowers.

I have often noticed in gardeners, who possessed very little education indeed, how much refinement and g e n t l e ness they show.

It is nothing new to say that people are cultivated by the flowers they cultivate; the idea is as old as the hills, and t h o u g h some learn more and others less, none can remain wholly uninfluenced. The same thing has been said over and over again in different words: "To win the secret of a weed's plain heart." This is what one Nature-lover writes. The flowers mean so much, and we cannot always grasp the inwardness of things, but still, the subtle influence works.

"Oh, solemn, beating heart
Of Nature, I have knowledge that thou art
Bound unto man by ties he cannot break."

* * *

PASSAIC WOOLEN MILLS.

Modern Merchandising Methods are bringing the producer and consumer closer together. The manager of this publication, within the last few days, has had his eyes opened to this fact in a marked degree by a visit to the Passaic Woolen Co.'s Mills, Passaic, N. J. This concern instituted the method of selling to the consumer direct from the loom a few years ago, and its popularity has been a success from the start.

Their salesroom in the mill is patronized daily by customers, not only from Passaic and surrounding country, but by tailors, dressmakers and consumers from New York, Jersey City, Newark, and other cities within an hour's ride by train or trolley.

There is a fascination in buying right in the mill, with the noise and hum of the busy looms and shuttles overhead and all around you, and a surprise to some who do not know what a woolen mill is like. In addition to selling to customers at the mill, this company has a well organized mail order department, through which they receive and fill orders for woolen cloth in any quantity by the yard. Inspection of their system and location of customers, convinced the writer that anyone may shop with the Passaic Woolen Co. by mail as safely and satisfactorily as if in the salesroom in person, no matter what the distance.

Write them for samples and tell them what sort of garment you want to make, and they will be promptly mailed to you. They also issue a very interesting booklet "Good Cloth"—which is mailed on application to any one desiring it and which contains much of educational interest to the layman.

This department is of special interest to women who make their own apparel, and the saving that is possible will be a revelation to our readers. In this department they are especially strong, in the matter of assortment, and in their 100-foot salesroom all colors, all weights, and nearly every serviceable fabric may be seen and is sampled for the benefit of distant customers. No common or low priced cloths are made, though some serviceable medium priced fabrics are shown, their interest being to make nothing which will not give good service.

We advise those of our readers who make their own garments to write the Passaic Woolen Mill people and get their booklet, even if not wanting cloth at the moment.

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B

A

GARMENTS SHOWN AT THE EXHIBIT OF THE DRESSMAKERS' IMPORTING ASSOCIATION.

(Described on page 41.)

HAPPINESS.

A FEW days ago I saw in a French paper a discussion upon the vital question, "Are you happy?" The editor had put this question to a number of famous people, actresses and singers, and published their replies. I have not space to deal with these, but the answer of one singer in particular struck me, because I specially admire her. Mme. Calvé is certainly a great artist, and she declares that she wishes with all her heart she had never been an artist, but had lived the humdrum life of a provincial bourgeoise. It is the old story. The human being is not easily satisfied. If he is great he thinks happiness is to be found in being small. If he is small he pines f r greatness. Mme. Calvé wants to be a nobody, and, depend upon it, a good many thousands of nobodies want to be a Mme. Calvé. What can bring happiness, then? Nothing?

Perhaps it would be truer to say that a combination of circumstances sometimes can. If you are the most famous, rich, and beloved of all human beings a severe cold in the head can render you absolutely miserable. Unless one is healthy one cannot be completely happy. This is a truism, and yet how many people choose to lead unhealthy lives? They will not take the necessary pains to be happy, or at least to be happier than they are. They will not take a proper amount of exercise. They will not give up certain habits which they know to be injurious to them. They will not be reasonable. It seems as if they are determined to be unhappy. Quite recently I met a lady who looked ill, tired, wretched. She told me that she suffered terribly from sleeplessness. I noticed that she always drank black coffee late at night, and begged her to give it up and see if she did not sleep much better without it. For two nights she drank no coffee, and told me that she had slept well. Then she took coffee again, and again endured the tortures of insomnia. But has she abandoned the coffee habit? Not at all. She still goes on with her coffee, and, in consequence, is wretched.

Unhappiness often proceeds directly from a lack of will power, which is nothing less than degrading. People are always saying, "Oh, I couldn't do that!" when a remedy for their discomfort is proposed to them. It is like the ignorant, poor person who "couldn't if it was ever so." Sweet reason is such an unwelcome guest to many of us.

There are people who say, and believe, that no one is really happy in this world. They often contend that it is not meant that we should be happy. But are they right? I think not. I have met happy, very happy people, and I have been very happy myself. It is rather the fashion of the day to be pathetic. There are many who think it is as crude to be happy as to be hungry. They are apparently not aware that nothing in this world is more attractive than happiness. Who does not instinctively love a puppy dog? And what is more openly, preposterously, riotously happy than the average puppy dog? When it tumbles down it is delighted. When it gets up and staggers round after its tail again it is more delighted still. When it squats in the sun staring vaguely at a buzzing fly, or at its own toe, it is one furry ball of content. And one longs to touch it, because, in doing so, one would touch live happiness. I love the happiness of others. In seeing it I feel that I am seeing the sun. And the sun is the glory of the world. A good motto for many of us would be, "Don't pull down the blinds." But, alas! the unnecessary fear of sunstroke is extraordinarily prevalent.

Unnecessary unhappiness is fearfully irritating. How discontented most idle people are. Yet nothing on earth is more difficult than to persuade an idler to work. It is worse than trying to induce a parrot to take a pill. Mme. Calvé is no idler, however, and she seems to imply that it is because of her work that she is unhappy. She speaks of the terrible reaction which follows on a "first night," the deadly feeling that the end attained was not worth striving for. But this is surely a question of nerves. Fatigue naturally follows after prolonged exertion. But I cannot think that more unhappiness is engendered by such fine fatigue than by not trying to do anything. Hard mental work certainly does often bring on depression. Mrs. Craigie has spoken of this in one of her books. Browning has alluded to it. Balzac has written of it in his letters. Most brain workers must be aware of it. But these moods of melancholy are repaid to us by the moments which we so easily forget. There is happiness in putting forth to the full such powers as we have been given, and it is decadence which would teach us to refrain, to shrink, to be cowards, and sluggards.

In "Travail," the second of his four *Evangiles*, Zola says: "Il suffit qu'on travaille deux heures par jour, pour que le monde soit conquis." And what world? The world outside or the world inside of the worker? Perhaps both. Mary Wilkins, in her book, "The Portion of Labor," also dwells on the nobility of work and its power to bring happiness to the worker.

Mme. Calvé's reply to the question of the ingenious editor must surely have been given in a moment of ill health. I know many successful artists, and, more often than not, they take a passionate pleasure in their labors. And so, I feel sure, does she. The deadly feeling of which she complains, that it was not worth while—not worth while all this intense striving to do the best that is in one, to give all in the service of art, and, through art, in the service of man, and, through man, in a higher service still, is the lie that must be perpetually nailed to the counter.

It is worth while. It creates what some sigh for, some work for, all want—happiness.

* * *

A HAWAIIAN DINNER TABLE.

(A Novelty in Table Decorations.)

Novelties in table decoration are always welcome, so perhaps the pretty idea I came across in far-away Honolulu may find favor among hostesses who are tired of the monotony of embroidered centers and the "groovey" taste of some of the florists.

The Hawaiians are famous for their carnations, and more especially for their unique way of using them; they string them together like long daisy chains, decorating themselves, as well as their tables, with the pretty garlands.

The hostess who was kind enough to ask me to dinner in Honolulu had chosen scarlet carnations for her table, and I never remember seeing anything more effective. A big silver bowl in the center was full of them, while a wreath of them went round the base of the stand, and four more stretched from the handles of the bowl to the silver candelabra in each corner of the table. In addition to this, each hors d'œuvre plate had the same scarlet wreath round it, which each lady untied and hung round her neck, where it lay like a soft feathery boa. Some of the men even did the same, but these were Americans; the Englishmen, averse to self-decoration, presented theirs to the ladies they had taken down.

The wreaths have to be made in a particular way, and in the Hawaiian Islands the work of making up the *leis* (as they are called there) has become a trade among the natives, who sit at the corner of the street and sell their sweet wares to the foreigners who flock from far and near to see the Paradise of the Pacific.

The garlands are threaded on a piece of bass with a fine cane needle, and the calyx of the carnation is entirely removed, so that the petals of the flower fall loosely and give the effect of feathers. The needle is run straight through and comes out in the center, so that each flower on the thread is on the top of the other. Of course the closer they are together the better the result, but this has to depend greatly on the quantity of blooms at one's disposal. I have seen as many as a hundred in one wreath.

My American hostess's table was very beautiful, though the idea would be even more so carried out in Malmaison carnations, or the soft pink ones which men are so fond of wearing in their buttonholes.

Other flowers can also be used in the same fashion, and when marigolds are threaded into such wreaths they look like great orange ropes, which are very pretty in their way, though not so light or feathery looking as the carnations. In any case, the candle shades should match the color of the flowers used.

It would be a very pretty fashion, too, if these flower boas could be introduced and worn in New York, and I can imagine nothing daintier than a white or yellow one nestling among the laces of a light Summer gown, while every movement of the wearer would emit the fragrant clove scent which we all like so well. It would be a great boon to florists if the idea could be taken up; moreover, as these wreaths necessarily require a quantity of flowers, their expense would prevent them from becoming too common.

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C

D

GARMENTS SHOWN AT THE EXHIBIT OF THE DRESSMAKERS' IMPORTING ASSOCIATION.

(Described on page 41.)

Domestic Life in the Philippines.

EUROPEAN and American ladies who have passed a few years in the Philippines generally seem to look back to them as a sort of earthly paradise, where they were never cold, had no servant troubles, enjoyed a large variety of delicious food excellently well cooked, wore delightful native stuffs that would make the fortune of some New York, Parisian or London shop, and did it all on incomes that would be mere pittances in more civilized regions. Of course, they have to get used to perpetual earth-tremors and terrific storms, but there are drawbacks to every state of existence, and many of us might be glad to exchange the struggle with inconveniences that now characterizes life for the continued sunshine and pleasant service obtainable in those "summer isles of Eden" that lie to the north of Borneo.

The chief and largest island is Luzon, and its capital is Manila, where a great many white people live and a gay kind of sociability is the rule of the day. The natives belong to many races, and some of them make capital servants, and are industrious and intelligent, with a good deal of artistic taste. A great many Chinese have also settled there, and are first-rate artificers and, above all, good cooks.

The really comfortable houses are built on piles, and have verandas round the upper floor. They are large, and have rooms all round, so that as the sun moves certain apartments are left in the shade, and thus by going from one to another comfort is secured. They stand in their own grounds, and have ample stable accommodation. Where a modern house has been built according to Western notions and fitted up with glass windows, it is simply intolerable. All floors are of hard wood, well polished, so no carpets are required, and bright rugs or Chinese matting are merely concessions to the taste of the day. Bamboo and bentwood furniture forms the staple, and curtains are quite unnecessary. Large pieces of furniture are provided with ring bolts and other appliances for lashing them to the walls, lest they should fall down during an earthquake shock.

The beds are large, and the coolest thing to lie on is a "petate," or fine grass mat. Each is furnished with a long bolster at right angles with the pillows, called the "abrasador," and the sleeper rests one arm and leg on it, and this very much relieves the pressure of his own weight on the side that rests on the mat. Mosquitos are not the plagues they are in some parts of the East; still, every bed is furnished with a proper net.

The baths are great earthenware tubs, imported from China, and are filled with water every evening. During the night it gets pleasantly cool, and the most approved method of bathing is not to get into the water, but to dash it over the head with a small bucket made for the purpose, and then to rub down briskly with a towel.

Materfamilias has a maid for herself, and perhaps for her children, and she does a great deal of needlework. The rooms are kept clean by a couple of house-boys, who also wait on the master, pull the punkah, trim the lamps, etc. They sleep on mats on the floor. The gardener carries whatever water is required for use in the house, and keeps all neat by much watering and sweeping. The coachman, if there is one, sleeps at the stables, as with us, and the gardener has a hut or lodge. A butler is a great comfort and not very costly. The master cook is indispensable, and generally lives outside. He has his daily orders overnight, and goes to market early, reaching his employer's abode about 11 A. M. with two native baskets slung from a palm staff, and containing the fruit, eggs, fish, poultry, firewood, and whatever else is required. A fixed sum of two or three dollars daily is given him, and he provides the luncheon and dinner, which are always ample enough for one unexpected guest to join the party. If two or three are expected, due notice must be given, and there is always a bill for extras when a dinner-party takes place. Mr. Cook offers no other accounts to be pored over, but if his master is not satisfied with the meals he provides, he talks to him, and if the matter is not mended, he is dismissed. When he arrives, he prepares a luncheon of three or four courses, and during the afternoon he gets all ready for the late dinner. When that is over, he asks for tomorrow's orders and departs. There is thus no housekeeping, nothing to be ordered, and the sums of money spent are clear, leaving no room for leakage.

Beef and mutton are procurable, but only eaten once a day; splendid fish are plentiful, pork is avoided by civilized people, and fruit abounds.

A garden anywhere near Manila is a great joy. Almost anything will grow, and the native gardener does as he is bid. Bananas and pines give little trouble, and it is very easy to raise cucumbers, melons, tomatoes, and all kinds of salad.

Ladies are not obliged to go out to shops in the heat and dust to buy the small things required for their families, such as longcloth, cotton, tapes, etc., as all such things are brought to their doors by Chinese hawkers, who sell very cheaply. They wear chiefly the local dresses, called "batas," which are really princess robes of lawn or cambric. Workwomen and embroiderers are very clever and inexpensive, and come and work in the house. In many of the islands very pretty thin fabrics are woven, with or without a mixture of silk, and one called "jusi" is much appreciated. Silk handkerchiefs are also woven, and capital household goods.

If a butler is kept, he cleans and polishes all the glass and silver, decorates the table with ferns and flowers, takes the greatest care of the table-linen, and folds the serviettes with all the cleverness of a Parisian waiter. He is sure to put perfumed flowers in the finger-bowls, and attends to all the little etceteras that most ladies have to see to or do for themselves in older countries.

Children born in Manila are not affected by the climate as they are in India, but can remain till they are about twelve years old before being sent home for education. If the American settlers develop mountain resorts for the hottest months, and make good roads to them, no doubt schools will be established at moderately high altitudes, and the separation between parents and children will become a thing of the past. It is thought that the chief difficulty between the new masters and the natives is that the Americans will try to "hustle" them, and they will not and cannot be hurried. Sharp words and bustle produce a spirit of "the more you call, the more I won't come," but left to their own methods their work is well and promptly accomplished.

The correct hour for making calls is 9 P. M., except on Sundays, when people call on one another at 10 A. M., after High Mass. One of the luxuries of Philippine life is the famous shampoo, made of "gogo," the dried bark of a creeper that grows in the woods. It is steeped and pounded in water, the juice and peel of two or three limes added, and the whole perfumed by a handful of citron leaves. When strained, this liquid is ladled over the head with a cocoanut-shell, while the hair is rubbed with the hands, carefully keeping the eyes closed, because "gogo" is extremely astringent. When rinsed and dried, the hair is delightfully soft and bright, and has a delicate, refreshing kind of scent.

THE PIGEON-TOED GIRL.

For the girl who is pigeon-toed there is need for sympathy. Generally she is not allowed to remain long in happy ignorance of the tendency she has to "walk each way toward Sunday." It takes long practice and patient endeavor to overcome the pigeon-toed defect, for the fault is partly in the bones. Usually the pigeon-toed person is knockkneed.

Dancing is one of the best methods of correcting the habit of walking pigeon-toed, but dancing alone will not suffice. A resolute, persistent effort to keep the feet straight and to walk correctly is the surest way of reaching the perfect.

As most of the girls who walk pigeon-toed are strong, healthy, good tempered and willing to accept advice, the chances are that more improvement in this class will be noticed in this respect than in any other as a natural result of the adoption of the shorter skirt.

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CLOTHS

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E

F

GARMENTS SHOWN AT THE EXHIBIT OF THE DRESSMAKERS' IMPORTING ASSOCIATION.

(Described on page 41.)

IN MOTHERLAND.

MOTHER'S DARLING, PAPA'S PET.

IN ninety-nine families out of a hundred the first baby is doubly welcome if it is of the masculine sex. When the little stranger is a girl, a certain disappointment is felt, which has its origin in a variety of causes, and is in reality less unfair to the feminine portion of creation than many people would have us think. This feeling is to a great extent hereditary, the result of countless generations.

In early ages, when the struggle for existance was hard, the brunt of the battle fell upon man. He it was who procured food, the skins necescary for clothing, who maintained a prolonged fight first against the overwhelming forces of nature and the lower animals, later against his brother-man. Therefore the father desired sons, and the mother also, strong arms that should defend her, procure food, and protect the home. With advancing civilization, as right gradually subdued might, the value of the boy decreased, that of the girl increased. But there still remains at the present day something of the old feeling, and it lingers particularly in the woman. Asked of what sex she would wish her first child to be, nearly every woman will reply, "A boy!" Parents still feel that a son will carry on their name, and among the less well-to-do, who are able to make little, if any, provision for the future, there is the knowledge that in case of accidents a boy is better able to struggle successfully and care for himself when thrown upon the world, than is a girl.

But this perfectly natural feeling becomes much exaggerated, owing to the foolishness of many mothers and the ignorance of nurses. It is the cause of considerable suffering among tiny girls, and is the most frequent cause of those breaches between mother and daughter so very common. This piece of injustice brings its own punishment, or, rather, consequence, for not only does it alienate the daughters, but it lays a foundation in the small masculine mind for a profound contempt for his mother, and not only for her alone, but for the greater proportion of the opposite sex. A small child, in common with the savage nations, has a very keen sense of justice, and a consequently large amount of respect for the person who exercises it. An only boy with several sisters, who has been brought up by an injudicious mother, and who has been exalted on a pinnacle above his sisters, bears the mark of this unfair treatment through life; even public school discipline fails to eradicate it completely. "Give me a child during the first seven years of its life, and I do not mind who has it afterwards," says the Jesuit, and it is during those early years that the most lasting impressions are formed. In the nursery each tiny toddler should be on a footing of absolute equality. There should be no favoritism, no passing over lightly of faults in a small boy which are severely corrected in his sisters, and, above all, no tyranny allowed. In certain nurseries it is no uncommon thing to find some small mite in tears, her embryo maternal feelings cruelly outraged because a tyrant brother has injured a cherished doll. Instead of a well-merited punishment, the injudicious mother treats the matter laughingly, or with at most some slight rebuke. "Boys will be boys," she says; "it is their nature to be rough." The love of power inherent in every nature degenerates to tyranny. The boy unchecked develops into a bully, and remains so until he is taken in hand by his schoolmaster and elder schoolfellows, and learns with much tribulation the lesson that should have been instilled into him in the nursery years before. Therefore your one small boy should never become the king of the nursery. He should be on a footing of absolute equality with his sisters. They should never be made to give in to him in small matters on account of his sex. Nurses are singularly foolish in this matter, and unless carefully looked after, will aid and abet the little fellow in acts of injustice towards his sisters.

Unselfishness cannot be too early instilled into the small mind, whether towards his playmates in the nursery or the world at large. He should be taught to share, and share equally, his toys, his sweetmeats and his pleasures with his brothers and sisters. He should never be allowed to take precedence of his sisters "because he is a boy," nor expect on that account special indulgences in the matter of treats, the prettiest toys, or the best helpings of puddings. Nor should he be permitted on account of his youth and sex, to become a nuisance to grown-up people.

"He rules the house with a rod of iron," said a fond, but foolish parent, to me the other day—a truth which made itself disagreeably apparent to her friends and visitors, for the amount of discomfort that small boy managed to create by his unchecked behavior was phenomenal, and argued ill, poor mite, for his future. "His troubles will begin soon enough, poor little fellow, when he goes to school. Why should he be bothered and thwarted now?" argues many a mother, and adopts a wholesale system of bribery to induce obedience she is otherwise powerless to command, for like unselfishness, this quality can hardly be instilled into the young mind too early.

Possibly few parents realize this fact: that unless you make your boy obey you at home, no amount of school discipline will do it. At school the disobedient child is forced to obey; his life would be unbearable did he not. But when vacation comes and school trammels are shaken off, he is as insubordinate as ever, and, as a result the teachers are blamed.

Unless you yourself make your boy obey you, no one else will be likely to do it. An order should never be given twice. If not obeyed the first time, punishment should follow at once, and of necessity no one should ever threaten a punishment unable to be carried out, for such a proceeding brings maternal authority into derision.

* * *

OUR LITTLE ONE'S CURLS.

The features of a child cannot be changed, the luster of its eyes cannot be increased, but a child, however plain, can be made attractive by the mother paying attention to two details—its hair and its complexion. A beautiful skin will transform even the ugliest features, and a cloud of silky hair has given more than one woman the illusion of being beautiful.

In the first place, it is a great mistake to suppose that frequent washings are bad for the scalp and that children are apt to take cold from having their hair washed. If the soap is carefully rinsed out, no possible harm can be caused to the hair, no matter how often it is washed. Secondly, if the hair is carefully dried the child cannot possibly take cold, and indeed the operation does much to lessen the tendency of some children to colds in the head and sore throat. The custom of wetting the hair before combing or brushing is one which ought to be thoroughly condemned. The hair should be brushed while it is dry until the electricity in it will make it crackle. This will insure a healthy and luxuriant growth more than any tonic in the world. The comb should be used sparingly on a child's tender head, and the use of a fine tooth comb ought to be relegated to a chamber of horrors.

The operation of brushing the hair can be made a very enjoyable one to the child by always associating it with a few pleasant words or a fairy tale. As soon as the child is old enough it should be taught to spend a certain number of minutes brushing its hair every night before going to bed.

* * *

"A gray eye is still and shy,
Whether it smile or frown;
A roguish is the brown.
The eye of blue is ever true;
But in the black eye's magic spell
Mystery and mischief dwell."

—From the Persian.

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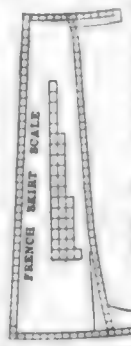

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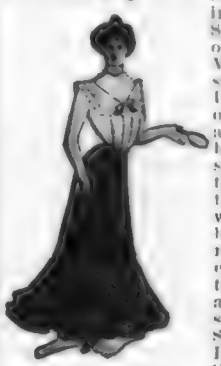

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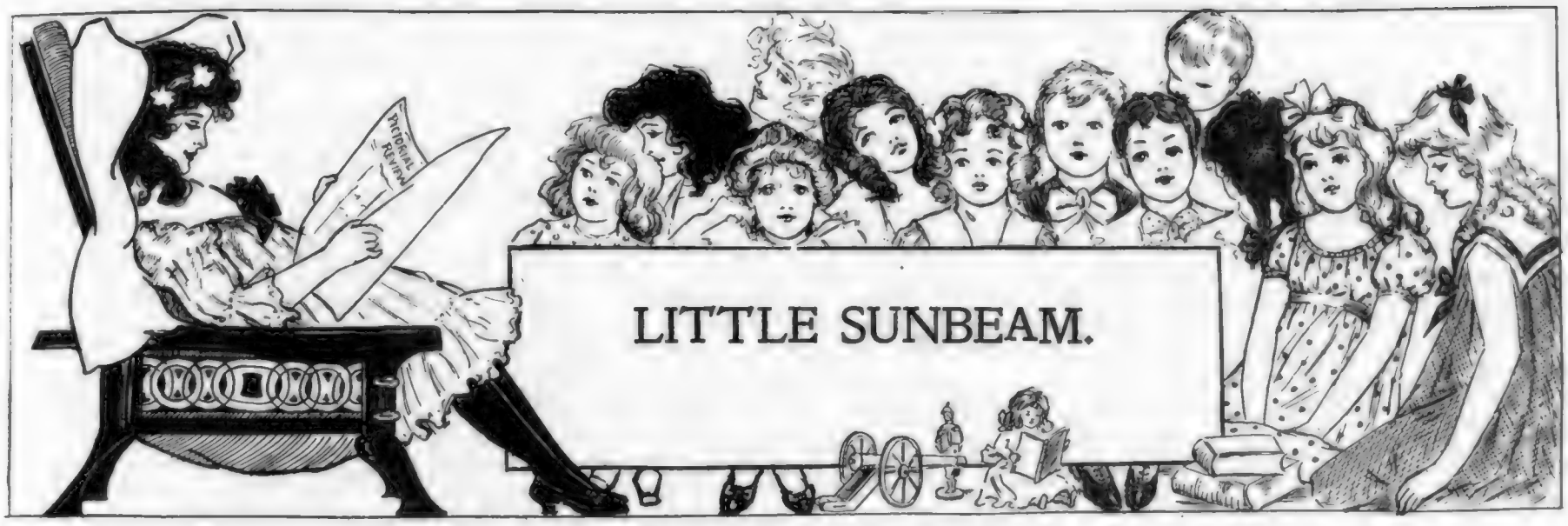
DRESSY FROCKS OF WASHABLE MATERIALS.

(Described on page 41.)



LITTLE SUNBEAM.

LITTLE SUNBEAM lived in a pretty house in a small village in the country where hosts of white cottages dotted the green fields and gay gardens, but none was so cosy and pretty as the one where Little Sunbeam dwelt with her grandmamma. It was the merest little house, just a dot in a field of green, but it was all painted white, with a piazza in front almost covered by climbing roses. It stood in a big field where the chickens picked around for a living and where a great big sleepy cow munched grass and now and then gave a lazy "moo" to call Little Sunbeam out to talk to her. There was a pretty brook that ran along one side of grandma's little possession, and here she had a flock of great white geese with big yellow bills, and when Sunbeam was very little the geese and the turkeys used to chase her and open their mouths and hiss till she would run away and hide behind her grandmamma.

Old Grandma was not very rich, for all she had in the world was her little cottage and the cow and the chickens, the geese and the turkeys, and sometimes Sunbeam would steal away and cry because her dear grandmamma had to get up so early and work so hard even when she had one of her bad attacks of rheumatism.

Still, despite all this, grandmamma was happy, for she loved Little Sunbeam very dearly and considered her her most priceless treasure, and often in the evening she would tell some of her friends, old grannies like herself who would come to spend an hour, quietly chatting, how much Sunbeam looked like her father. But he was dead, poor man! this many a year! He had gone away to sea, leaving his wife and baby with grandmamma, and in a big storm his ship had sunk and all on board had been drowned. Pieces of the ship had been washed on the distant shore of a foreign country and thus the news had spread. The poor wife, a slender, frail little woman, had cried and cried, until she cried all her strength away and at last cried herself to sleep from which she never woke again.

That is how Little Sunbeam came to live with her grandmamma and grew up to be a good and helpful little girl. Grandma always taught her that no matter how rich or how great anyone might be, it was all nothing compared to a heart that was true and kind. So Little Sunbeam tried to be kind to all her little friends, to animals, and above all, to her dear grandmamma, and it made her always happy because she saw that grandmamma realized this and became very glad because of this knowledge.

Now, about two miles from the village stood a great big castle all made of heavy gray stone, where the King of the country lived with his only daughter, Princess Goldilock. Little Sunbeam had heard a great deal about the Princess and you can imagine how very eager she was to see her. One day when grandmamma sent her to buy some soap and flour and other things, she heard a tremendous noise, just as if hundreds and hundreds of bees were having a concert. All the people in the village store rushed out to see what it was and of course Little Sunbeam ran out too. All at once all the people began chattering very loudly and shouted "Hurrah! Hurrah!" It was the Princess passing through the village in a gorgeous carriage, and Little Sunbeam stood so long looking after her that she was late for supper and besides, frightened grandma half to death. But she was not angry and wanted to know all about the Princess, so Little Sunbeam began her story.

"You never saw such a procession grandmamma; do you remember the circus that came last summer?"

"Yes, dear," said grandmamma.

"Well," said Sunbeam, "this procession was a hundred times better than that one, and all real, not make-believe. The Princess had hair just like mine, and her eyes were like mine, too, grandmamma, but everyone said she was beautiful and no one ever told me so. She had a little crown on her head, like a big bracelet, all made of diamonds and rubies, and oh, grandma, how it sparkled in the sun! And her dress was blue silk all trimmed with silver and lace, and she had a man to sing to her, and a lady to fan her, and oh! so many people around her. I was right in front and a man next to me took off his cap and said: 'Courtesy, Little Sunbeam,' so I bowed as low as I could and the Princess frowned and turned away her head. Oh, it was lovely, grandmamma dear; how I wish I were a rich princess!"

"Nonsense, Sunbeam! Are you not happy with me?"

"Very happy, grandmamma, but if I were rich think how happy I could make you; you should never work again, and you should have everything you want."

"I want nothing but you, Sunshine! It will be better for you to forget all about the little Princess."

Grandmamma went into the cottage and Sunbeam sat down on the steps to think about the Princess. Presently she heard some music and she jumped up quickly to see where it came from. Right in front of her she saw a very tiny girl with short pink skirts; on her shoulders were wings like a butterfly's and in her hand she held a wand as big as a slate pencil.

"Don't be afraid," said the little girl, "I am only a fairy, a good fairy."

"You look like one," said Sunbeam.

The fairy laughed.

"And I'm your good fairy. I've watched over you from your birth, and seeing you so sad I've come to tell you that I'll grant you two wishes."

"Two wishes! Why, if you will grant me only one it will be enough. How delightful it would be to be just like the little Princess."

"Suppose you were just like the little Princess, what would you do?"

"What would I do? What wouldn't I do? First of all my dear grandmamma should have a lovely carriage and a purple velvet gown to wear every day, and then old farmer Peter should have a shade for his eyes, and I would have the pump-handle mended, and get a new carpet for the school-room, and an umbrella for the letterman, and dolls for the girls and tops for the boys, and lots and lots of other things. Yes, it must be fine to be a princess."

"But think how much responsibility is connected with such a high station," said the fairy.

"I can only think of the joy and happiness I could bring to so many people."

"Poor Little Sunbeam," thought the fairy, " she little knows how unhappy she will make others if I grant her wish, for the rich Princess has a cold, hard heart, gratitude is a stranger to her, her thoughts are for herself alone, and I cannot make Sunbeam like her without changing her heart as well."

"Won't you grant my wish, Fairy dear?" asked Little Sunbeam.

"Yes, I will grant it, and then you will learn how much happier you are now than the rich and great people whom you envy. Your wish is granted! You are now Princess Goldilocks! See how handsome your robes are, and here are your servants who will conduct you to your palace."

As the fairy spoke (who, of course, was invisible to all but Sunbeam), grandmamma came out of the cottage.

"Sunbeam, my pet, are you not coming to help me peel the potatoes and shell the peas?"

"To peel the potatoes and shell the peas!" exclaimed Sunbeam, disdainfully. "Old woman! are you crazy?"

"Old woman! Crazy!" cried grandmamma.

"Yes," said Sunbeam, "do you think a princess would lower herself to peel potatoes and shell peas?"

Grandma thought the child was playing and laughing said: "But the princess eats them, doesn't she, Sunbeam?"

"Recollect, please that you are not to call me Sunbeam. I am Princess Goldilocks!"

"I, your loving old grandmamma, not to call

MORNING FROCKS FOR ALL WEATHERS.

(Described on page 41.)

you Sunbeam? I, who have so tenderly cared for you all these years?"

"I wish to be under no obligation," said Sunbeam, haughtily. "Send in your bill and it shall be paid at once."

"I paid!" cried poor grandmamma. "Paid for the love and affection I have lavished on you! Surely I must be dreaming. If you are rich, think of the good you can do in this world!"

"I have no money to give away," said Sunbeam. "My own expenses are very great. My horse!" she called to a lord in waiting, who stood a few steps away bare-headed and very humble.

"Sunbeam, Sunbeam, you will not leave me without a kiss—without a good-bye." said grandma weeping.

But Sunbeam paid no heed to the poor old woman's tears, and as she mounted her horse her old grandmamma fell senseless to the ground.

In an instant the little fairy waved her wand and the whole scene changed. Little Sunbeam was herself again and as she looked around in a dazed way, she saw her grandmother lying on the grass.

"What does this mean?" cried Sunbeam. "What have I done? Grandma, dear, dear grandma, speak to me. Your Sunbeam who loves you more than words could ever tell."

The fairy then stepped forward and touching Little Sunbeam on the forehead, told her to remember what she had said and done as Princess Goldlilocks. As she remembered she began to cry.

"Oh, what shall I do! How can grandmamma ever forgive me!"

But the fairy tried to comfort her. "I will touch her with my wand and she will think she has been dreaming," with that she touched grandmamma, who at once awoke.

"Sunbeam!" she said.

"Yes, grandma dear!"

"Oh, I think I must have been dreaming," said grandmamma. "I must have fainted, for I remember asking you to help me peel the potatoes and shell the peas and then, then— What a silly old woman I am!"

"You're not," cried Sunbeam, "you are the dearest old grandmamma in the world."

After that Sunbeam and her grandmamma lived very happily together for over a year. One day when they went to the castle to sell butter and eggs, they found everything in confusion, and they were told that Princess Goldilocks had died, and that her mother was broken-hearted, for she loved her daughter and was blind to all her faults.

"See," said the man, "there she is; see how she is weeping!"

The Queen passed quite near them and Little Sunbeam, forgetting that she was only a poor little girl, sprang forward, and taking her hand, kissed it and begged her not to cry. The Queen was so surprised that she stopped crying, and as she looked at Little Sunbeam she saw how much she resembled the Princess. She kept her at the palace until evening and then she had her dressed in the Princess's clothes, with the diamond crown in her hair and then told her to stay in the drawingroom of the palace. Sunbeam did as she was told, and as she sat there with all the lords and ladies standing near, the King entered.

"My daughter! my little daughter!" he cried, as he stepped quickly forward and embraced her.

"No, your Majesty! I am only Little Sunbeam!"

But she looked so much like the Princess that the King would not let her go home. He sent for grandmamma, had her finely dressed and gave her and Sunbeam rooms in the palace. After a while the King and Queen became so attached to their little visitor that they determined to adopt her and they issued a proclamation that she should be their daughter and succeed to the throne when they died.

Sunbeam remembered the lesson she had learned when she had been a princess for a minute only, and she determined to try and make everyone happy, and so well did she succeed that wherever she went the people cried, "Long live our Princess, Little Sunbeam!"

* * *

THE SILENT PLAYMATE.

What a tiny little figure it was, seated on the rug before the fire, and looking like a silhouette in the flickering light of the flames! The room was big, and the dark shadows gave an indefiniteness to the corners, so that the walls seem to have receded, leaving an almost oppressive sense of space and hollowness. Rightly speaking, there were two figures by the fireside—Ethel, the child of the towsled mop and wondering eyes; and Mabel, the big waxen-haired doll. Ethel was playing her favorite game—if game it could be called—a pastime that was all her own by right of invention.

Ethel was a sociable child, and from cooing affably in her crib, she had begun by chatting with complete abandon. This was at first; but after discovering that her remarks or questions were met with a patronizing "You are too young to understand such things," or an unamiable "Don't talk so loud, and don't tease with so many questions," she had gradually drifted into relying more upon herself for her amusements.

It was thought by her parents that children acquired bad manners from each other, so she was left without the chance of comparison; and thus she often stood at the window and gazed wistfully at the children hurrying along on their way to a school nearby. Nor ever did the nurse prove very companionable, because she was old, and it was deemed best that Ethel should acquire her speaking without the touch of picturesque flavor so often imparted to our speech by early associations with the under world.

Two months previous the lovely blue-eyed Mabel had been presented to Ethel at the breakfast table. She had received her almost in silence, and after the meal was over had gone straight to her favorite spot, in the large bow window. There the doll was carefully examined, and then with a good hug was adopted once for all—not to be mothered, but as a playmate, and Ethel felt as if her longing for a sister had at last been rewarded. The doll was christened "Mabel;" and in Ethel's eyes soon lost all doll-like propensities and became a second self. They were never separated, and through her imagination, hitherto repressed, Ethel led a complete dual life. She held long conversations with Mabel, and it never occurred to her that it was not the latter who really thought out the answers. She worried lest Mabel should take cold, apologized if she had not been placed at the window each day. Lessons were studied together, and Ethel was usually letter perfect, because she did not wish to be outdone by Mabel in her imagined recitations. If punishment was meted out Ethel tried to bear the brunt of it, because she was the elder, though really the fault might have been Mabel's, who frequently swung her arms around most carelessly to the detriment of chance bric-a-brac. Then, too, Mabel had a thoughtless way of tripping over the rugs and turning a most undignified somersault in the air before she landed on the floor. On these occasions Ethel likewise promptly tripped and fell, so that she also might be reprimanded, and not make Mabel feel too badly.

This afternoon the two had been having a cosy chat, and Ethel was saying drowsily, "Yes. as you say dear, I should like to turn into the white cat, and you would make a lovely Puss-in-boots. Wouldn't you like—"

Just then the door opened and an elderly man walked in.

"Ethel, your mother wishes to know if you broke that blue vase in her room? Nurse says you were in there alone this morning. Did you break it, my dear?"

A slight hesitancy, and then Ethel replied, "No, father, I didn't break it."

"Are you sure, Ethel, child? Think carefully."

"No, father, I didn't break it, truly."

Apparently satisfied, her father left the room again, and Ethel at once turned to Mabel.

"Now, Mabel, you see what it is to be so careless. I saw you lying on the table this morning, and when nurse slammed the door you just rolled over on the dressing table and broke the blue vase. You thought I was reading over the other side, and of course I won't tell of you, for mother would be very angry indeed, but don't you think you had better tell father all about it?"

Once more the door opened and the father came in looking very grave.

"Ethel, come here. Now I want you to look straight at me, and tell me whether you are sure you did not break that vase.'

Ethel flushed and looked confused, but answered steadily, "I didn't do it, father."

"Ethel, I am going to ask again. Did you break that vase?"

The tears were in Ethel's eyes, and she gazed imploringly at Mabel, but shook her head and said:

"I didn't do it."

"You are lying," said her father sternly; "and you know that is very wicked. Nurse tells me that she remembers coming in, and seeing you pick up that"—pointing to Mabel—"from the dressing table just where the vase usually stands. There was no one in the room but you," she tells me.

"But I didn't do it," repeated Ethel, beginning to sob; and looking beseechingly at Mabel.

"That will do," said her father. "I don't wish you to say that again. I shall have to punish you severely. Hold out your hands."

Ethel obeyed, still hoping vaguely that Mabel would come to her rescue. She stood the five blows on each hand bravely, though they ached and burned already.

"Now I will take your doll away from you for a couple of days," continued her father, seizing Mabel carelessly by the arm.

"Oh, no, no!" screamed Ethel, "not Mabel, please, father, not Mabel!"

"You shall have you doll back in two days," replied the father.

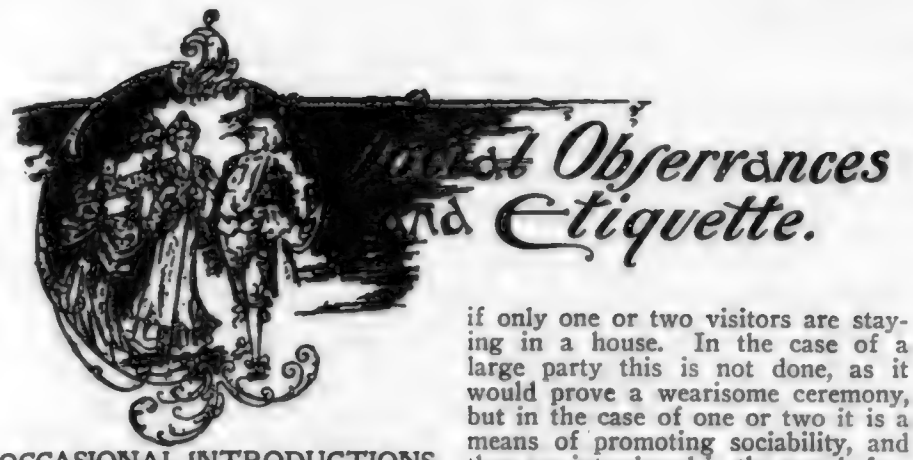
"She isn't a doll," said Ethel, panting with fright and excitement, "she is my sister, and she says she doesn't want to go. Do you Mabel? Oh! please, please—"

"I am surprised at your making so much fuss over a doll, and it is very wrong to call her your sister," and the father left the room, carrying Mabel with him.

Left alone, Ethel stood one second with eyes big like an animal at bay, then threw herself sobbing on the rug. "How could they be so cruel?" she cried. "I couldn't tell of Mabel, and they wouldn't understand!"

PRETTY MODELS FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

(Described on page 41.)



OCCASIONAL INTRODUCTIONS.

A FEW remarks on the subject of introductions will perhaps not be out of place at the present moment when they are of frequent occurrence during the country house visiting season, more especially on account of strangers being unavoidably brought in contact with one another.

Oftener than not these introductions have little or no significance, but they are effected because it would be invidious to leave them unmade. For instance, when a caller or one or two callers are announced to a hostess who has a visitor staying with her—they being together at the moment—she makes the introduction at once by merely mentioning the name of her guest. This enables the latter to join in the conversation instead of sitting silently by. Sometimes an indirect introduction only is made, when the guest is a young girl and not related to either host or hostess, by drawing her into the conversation and mentioning her name incidentally. Again, when newcomers are calling at a house, not having previously met, being recent arrivals, it is very usual for a hostess to introduce them to each other not in a formal manner but rather in this manner: "I don't know if you have met Mrs. S. before," etc., or, "You know Mrs. S., do you not?" The visitors having been announced on arrival, the earliest arrival has the advantage of the later one in knowing her name, and therefore it is not necessary to mention it when making the introduction; indeed, whenever it is possible to avoid doing this it is the correct course to take, providing that one of those introduced is already acquainted with the name of the other. On the other hand, should two residents not previously acquainted call simultaneously, no introduction should be attempted on the part of a hostess, as it might not be desirable.

Introductions at garden parties have naturally to be made, as the visitors staying at a house are usually taken to these functions, also to golfing, tennis, etc. As a rule, however, their names are announced, the hostess shakes hands with them, and they pass on with their friends, and no further introduction than this takes place unless it is considered that a more direct introduction is due to the visitors, in which case an opportunity is found for this purpose. The smaller the house party the more reason, is there for introducing the members of it to all comers, especially if only one or two visitors are staying in a house. In the case of a large party this is not done, as it would prove a wearisome ceremony, but in the case of one or two it is a means of promoting sociability, and they are introduced in the way before mentioned with as little formality as possible.

When large dinner parties are given, the introductions made before dinner consist in introducing men to those ladies they are to take in to dinner; while after dinner, formal introductions are made between one or two of the ladies when an opportunity presents itself, or they are indirectly made, or they are not attempted. This point is decided by the knowledge possessed by a hostess of the social side of the situation, but when introductions are intended no preamble is considered necessary between those meeting at dinner, and it suffices to mention the name of the lady introduced, as she is invariably aware who the lady is to whom she is about to be introduced. When introducing men to ladies the same rule is followed, unless they are introduced to ladies for the purpose of taking them in to dinner.

At small dances introductions are very general, and are made on all sides, and the same applies to small dinners.

* * *

As to the folding and turning down of corners of cards, it is not necessary to give any rules, as the custom is entirely out of date. The old usage prevalent for a time was to fold a card in the center when a call was made upon the entire family. The present usage is to leave a separate card for each individual of the family whom you wish to see. Of course, this, like everything else, has led to abuses, and has consequently been subject to modifications, many exceedingly well bred women leaving one card for each married feminine member of the family, and one for the unmarried ones, en masse.

* * *

THE TABLE.

There is no place where a person's good breeding and early training are more clearly shown than at the table. Peculiarities of manner which might elsewhere pass without criticism are not there allowable. Conduct must be marked by serenity, and there must be no uncertainty of manner, but an easy knowledge of the use of all the belongings of the table. Customs which may seem insignificant are in reality of sufficient importance to show the difference between refinement and the lack of it, between a familiarity with social conventionalities or the reverse.

Whether a dinner is ceremonious or informal, certain customs remain the same. We will suppose that a lady is taking her seat at a dinner party. She immediately removes her gloves, places them in her lap, unfolds the napkin, takes the roll or bread from within it, and places it on the left hand, on the table, and lays the napkin across her lap. At each cover, or plate, there may be on the right two large knives, a small silver fish knife and a soup spoon, and on the left three or four silver forks, one of them a fish fork and one an oyster fork. The oysters are served on the shell, and must be eaten whole, not cut in half. Soup is taken with the soup spoon and from the side of the spoon. It is very bad form to tilt one's soup plate to secure the last spoonful, and one must never be served twice to soup. For the fish course the silver fish knife and fork are used. Butter is not served at dinner. It is not good form to eat bread between the courses—it looks too much as if one were hungry.

Some entrées, such as cutlets and sweetbreads, may require the knife and fork, for others, such as patties, timbales or croquettes, a fork only is used. Meat is cut as required, a small piece at a time.

When eating vegetables that are served on the same plate, the knife is laid on the plate, the blade resting near the center. The knife must not be placed across the edge of the plate, nor with the handle resting on the table. The fork is then taken up with the right hand, the handle of the fork resting easily on the hand between the first finger and the thumb. If need be, a crust of bread may be used with the left hand to pass a morsel of food toward the fork. When cutting meat the finger must never rest on the blade of the knife, but on the handle. After one has finished eating the knife and fork must be placed close together in the center of the plate.

Lettuce is eaten with a fork, the edge of the fork being used to cut the leaf, which is then folded.

Small birds, such as squab and quail, are served whole, one for each person, and one cuts the meat from the breast and eats each piece at the time of cutting it.

With the dessert plate is brought the small silver to be used for dessert. A fork is used in preference to a dessert spoon whenever this is possible.

Coffee is sometimes served before the guests leave the table, but the better custom is to have it passed later in the drawing room. In either case the small coffee cups, sugar and cream are passed on the tray and the guest prepares the coffee according to fancy.

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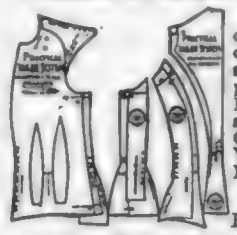

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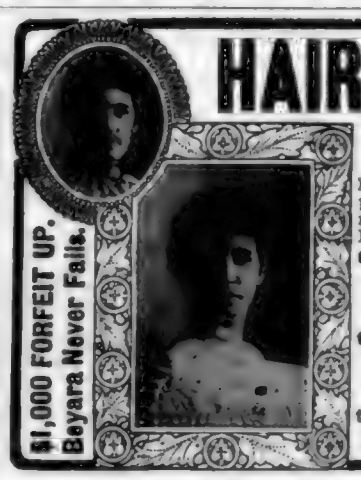

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SUMMER STYLES FOR MISSES AND CHILDREN.

(Described on page 41.)

ALL KINDS OF INTERESTING HINTS.

FOR THE SUMMER GIRL.

EVERYONE is fond of dainty belongings, especially those of light and delicate tint that soil so easily and are so expensive to replace, not because the sum in itself is a large one, but because the sum has to be expended so very frequently that by the end of Summer it has assumed quite appalling proportions.

* * *

The lower edges of skirts require looking after very frequently, because nothing is more slovenly than to walk around with a frayed skirt that is gray and untidy from the accumulation of dust and dirt. It may be brushed assiduously enough, but the torn braid and velveteen are regular disease breeders. The edge of the flounce or of the skirt should always be kept neat and nice. Velveteen binding is the best and it should project an eighth of an inch. A dust ruffle of knife-plaited "spun glass, "near silk" or any other lining (except taffeta) will materially add in saving the skirt. Taffeta is not advisable, because it rips and tears too easily for the comfort of the pocketbook, but the stronger linings, not only look well, but last better. The ruffle should be so adjusted as to extend about a sixteenth of an inch below the edge, binding and all, and when soiled or discolored can easily be replaced with the expense of a few cents, and without all the work of ripping off the many rows of stitching that are required to hold the velveteen in place.

* * *

If skirts are carefully brushed and cleaned of all dust, stains, etc., before hanging them away, they will not only last longer, but can be put right on again when occasion demands, without that exclamation we hear so often: "Oh, dear, I haven't cleaned that skirt yet!" Then follows a hasty brushing and we imagine we can pass muster. This is neither a good recommendation for our neat habits nor does it improve the skirt.

Washable dress shields are the only kind that should be used. I have frequently read that stockinet and rubber shields may be washed in warm soapsuds, then rinsed, partly dried and ironed, with the assurance that they will be as good as new, but personally I have never succeeded. They were simply useless, the heat of the iron successfully spoiling what the water had begun.

* * *

This leads me up to the ever-interesting question of washing gloves. If it is at all possible procure a wooden hand (I think there are some in the market with reversible thumbs, so that one form does for both hands) and then proceed with the cleansing process. This is very much nicer than doing it upon one's own hands.

* * *

Only the best quality of washable gloves should be bought, because they will stand a great deal of wear and tear and innumerable washings. White or pale yellow are the preferred colors. They should be drawn on the hand, then cleaned with lukewarm soapsuds and a not too stiff nail brush (the soapsuds to be made from castile soap). After being carefully rinsed they are dried in the open air, and when dry are briskly rubbed between the hands to thoroughly soften them.

* * *

Pale-tinted suède or undressed kid gloves if only slightly soiled may be cleaned with a crust of dry wheat bread, but when very much soiled both suède and dressed kids may be successfully cleaned with naphtha or gasolene applied with a piece of white flannel, and here again the wooden hand will be found invaluable.

* * *

The latest kind of washable glove is a medium weight glacé kid instead of the suède, to which we have grown accustomed. This glove is fine and soft and hardly distinguishable from ordinary gloves, yet it is claimed these gloves may be washed again and again without in the least spoiling their appearance. When purchasing washable gloves, it is well to remember that they must be sufficiently large, for if they are the least bit tight they will be very apt to split and tear after the first washing and will besides have shrunken in such a measure that it is impossible to draw them on.

* * *

Suède lisle gloves, though not new, are very nice for Summer wear, yet they lack the elegance of kid. They should be washed in lukewarm water, into which castile soap has been rubbed (or powdered castile soap dissolved) to make good suds. First, put both gloves on the hands, then wash and rinse thoroughly and pat partly dry with a clean towel. Do not take them off until thoroughly dry or they may tear.

* * *

Black suède gloves that have become rusty may be freshened up with black ink, and black glacé or kid gloves may be "touched up" the same way. only after applying the ink to the rusty spot the glove must be gently rubbed with a piece of soft flannel lightly dipped in sweet oil, a polish that will restore the gloss.

Nothing looks prettier than a dainty foot in a dainty shoe, and if the majority of women would only remember this we would not see so many dull, gray-looking boots and ties. In the first place, a shoe tree is an almost invaluable item, it does wonders in keeping the shoe in shape. Two or even three pairs of shoes worn alternately will be found not alone a good plan, but an economical one, as they will have periods of rest, so to speak, and will consequently last longer. Damp shoes should always be dried in a cool room, and then rubbed with a flannel rag and a little vaseline to soften the leather. This, by the way, is a good plan to follow with shoes, even if they are not damp, as the leather will not alone retain its gloss, but will remain pliable much longer.

* * *

A good shoe cream is always better than even the best liquid dressing, and is, in fact, invaluable for patent leather. A good many authorities recommend the use of olive or salad oil for patent leather, but personally I have found that using this is apt to make the leather a trifle sticky and thus induce a ready accumulation of dust, besides, it is very unpleasant when wearing a light gown, as it soils the hem of the skirt only too easily.

* * *

Every woman is fond of laces and should make the care of lace her special study; as a rule, laces are not ironed, but are carefully pinned to cushions or boards until dry. White lace may be cleaned by soaking in soapsuds for a while, then rinsing thoroughly and patting between two clean pieces of muslin, or a towel, for that matter, until nearly dry. Then they are pinned down. Scolloped laces require great care or their appearance will be spoiled.

* * *

Black lace may be freshened by dipping it in a mixture of black ink, a little alcohol and a little sugar. This will not alone take away the rusty look, but will give the nice crisp effect peculiar to new lace.

* * *

In curling ostrich feathers they should, first of all, be shaken free from dust. Have a kettle of water boiling rapidly and hold the feathers in the steam until they are heated through; then shake them out in dry heat. Take a piece of smooth whalebone and curl the feathers with it by drawing the barbules over the edge, beginning at the quill and taking only two or three barbules at a time. Be careful not to tear the barbules or the plume will be spoiled.

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SUGGESTIONS IN UNDERWEAR, SHOES AND HOSIERY.

TALKS TO OUR GIRLS AND PROBLEMS THAT INTEREST THEM.

By MARION E. TAYLOR.

A GREAT many times I have wondered why so many people think they find a difference between the girl who stays at home and the girl who spends her time either teaching, or selling goods in a store, writing in an office or otherwise trying to earn her independence. And just this endeavor to be independent is the stigma in other people's eyes. It seems a pity that this should be so, especially in the twentieth century, when for decades the emancipation of womenhood has advanced with such rapid strides. A very dear friend said to me recently that he thought the girl who stays at home a much better helpmate for her future husband than the girl who earns her living. I was positively shocked at this utterance, and asked him to explain. He answered that the girls were so accustomed to spending their money as they liked that they really had no comprehension of its value, hence in marrying a poor man—or at least a man occupying a position at so much salary per week—they would make very poor stewards of the sum laid in their hands. This I answered by reminding him of the story of a girl we both knew, the daughter of a man whose name stands forth prominently in the business world, who has amassed million after million; this girl was his eldest daughter, his favorite, and though in her childhood days her father had been very poor indeed she never had felt it, and later when wealth came he lavished it on her. She was a very handsome girl and of a sweet disposition. The sum of money she spent every year, merely for handkerchiefs and accessories in general, outside of her wardrobe, was $1,200. To spend twenty-five dollars for a yard of lace was nothing—a mere bagatelle.

Now it chanced that she fell in love with a "poor" man whose salary was not more than fifty dollars a week. Her parents sternly refused their consent when the young man asked for her hand. She was very self-willed, her father had been too indulgent, had always finally given in to her, and relying on this they were secretly married. Directly after, she informed her father of this step and he closed his house to both his daughter and his son-in-law, informed the various establishments, importers, etc., where she had accounts, that he would pay no more bills, and left his daughter to her fate.

Now, if she had been a girl acquainted with the value of money, if she had known that ten pennies make a dime and ten dimes a dollar, the salary her husband was earning would have been more than sufficient. However where her whole life had been nothing but one long series of gratified whims and caprices, where she had bought, not because she needed it but because it caught her fancy, her idea of management was equal to zero plus zero and led her to purchase embroidered towels at four dollars each.

Good manners like good words cost nothing and are worth everything. Bad manners are attributed to a lack of that fine vision which sees little things, a want of that delicate touch which handles them, and of that fine sympathy which a superior moral organization always bestows. A well-mannered man is courteous to all sorts and conditions of men.

It is the heart that makes the true gentleman, the true gentlewoman.

They who are naturally impulsive, often do themselves great injustice for want of that self-control which can alone check impulsiveness, leading them to appear to be deficient in qualities which really exist in their characters, and which, were it not for the injustice which they do themselves, would entitle them to the respect which they would otherwise merit. A governess once complained to a guardian that his ward did not respect her, or feel any affection for her. The guardian replied, "If your pupil does not treat you with respect it is simply a confession that you do not deserve it. Respect is not a thing that can be given or withheld at pleasure; if you gain her respect you will also gain her affection." Upon further inquiries the guardian found that the child was in a state of rebellion, from the fact that the governess had struck her across her knuckles with a book and then, pitching the book across the room, had ordered the child to pick it up. This the child refused to do, telling her governess that as she had thrown it, it might lie there until she herself picked it up. The impulsiveness of the governess had caused her to forget the rights of her pupil, and to appear to be wanting in that self respect which leads those who possess it to respect the rights of others; while the less impulsive child was able to control any outward manifestations of anger afterwards and to state her cause of grievance so clearly as to carry conviction with it.

"He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who conquereth a city;" and there is no better foundation for self-respect than those possess who have learned to govern themselves.

Self-respect may be compared to a tree, the flower of which is courtesy, and its fruit heroism of character. It needs no transplanting to flourish. Everywhere those who are worthy of respect manifest their respect for the rights and claims of others, while those who possess self-conceit, give evidence of it by their disregard for the feelings and the rights of others.

Persons who are endowed with that superior moral organization which confers moral courage with self-respect, and that fine sympathy and quick intuition which we call tact, will, in their family relations, study for things that make for peace, "and like the gentle summer air, their civility will play around all alike," wherever they go. If a child needs reproof, comments of praise will be judiciously mingled with it. If some one dear to us commits a breach of good manners, or some offense against custom, or indulges in a display that is calculated to give a wrong opinion of his character, the correction will be made in a way that will give the least offense.

There is a delicacy of heart as well as of good breeding, and where the two are united in one person, there will be found that degree of sensitiveness necessary to produce a regard for the feelings of others. Those who possess it feel that there is one thing that is worse than to have their own feelings wounded, and that is, to have wounded the feelings of one who is dear to them.

Some one has said, it is easy to be exclusive if you are willing to be dull, but there is an exclusiveness which is sometimes complained of that is a desirable exclusiveness, and by no means dull. When those in whom heroic dispositions are native possess that love of the beautiful in conduct as well as in other things, and that delight in the intercourse of refined and cultivated minds which leads them to exclude coarse natures, whose acts and speech and manners grate upon the finely attuned chords of their sensibilities and turn harmony into discord, then exclusiveness becomes praiseworthy and is no longer bad form.

We go through this world but once, and every hour of our lives is filled with opportunities that pass away, never to return again; therefore, any good thing that we can do, any kindness that we can show our fellow-beings, let us not defer or neglect it, for we shall not come this way again.

Happy is he who has learned this one thing, to do the duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, wherever and whatever it may be—*denn der mächtigste von allen Göttern ist der Augenblick.* If we would only live up to that!

NOTE.—Questions of interest to girls will be answered on this page, but inquirers must give names and addresses. If stamps or addressed envelopes are enclosed questions will be answered by mail.

THE INTERIOR OF THE HOME.

ORIENTAL EFFECTS IN INTERIOR DECORATING.

THE fundamental worship of the beautiful of which our various decorative fads have been the "outward and visible sign, is one of the few compensating features of our prosaic life. We strive for the attainment of our ideals as a child stretches out his hands for the moon—and almost as hopelessly; but we at least have the consolation of trying our best, and it is at least something to have striven.

When we remember what an important a factor environment forms in the development of character, how wide is its influence upon life and happiness, the work of furnishing a home assumes a broader, higher aspect. Until a very short time ago the one insurmountable obstacle in the way of artistic furnishing has been the ever-present question of expense—the *bête noire* of the woman with a passion for things beautiful.

The introduction of Orientalism into Western decorative art has contributed considerably to the attainment of the ideal in house furnishing. The word "Oriental" has always meant luxury and magnificence, and the wealth of color lavished in the weaving of Eastern stuffs has gradually come to be recognized among Occidental peoples and the very keynote of art. Centuries behind us in intellectual advancement, the Orientals, born and bred in an atmosphere freighted with the picturesque, are yet our masters in the matchless blending of tones, the richness of material and hue, the subtility and boldness of design. Not alone in the weaver's handiwork is this patience and skill distinguishable, but in carving, either wood or ivory.

Nothing is more effective than the teak wood carving that comes to us from India and Japan, all wrought by hand with the simplest tools. It is especially appropriate for library and dining-room appointments; there is a peculiar richness about the dark tones and exquisite carving of teak wood that possesses a special charm for the lover of the unique, while its actual cost is little, if any, more than the onyx and ormula that we see in so many of our modern homes.

For Summer use, or where the income renders the greatest economy imperative, Japanese cotton crépe, Moorish cloth or chintz may be substituted for the silken hangings with the very best effect. The coloring is vivid and artistic and the best results may be obtained by a little judicious thinking. The Japanese fret-work, which figures so prominently at present, and is such an attractive decoration for almost any room, may be successfully imitated and is everywhere procurable.

When it is desired to incorporate Oriental decorations with modern furniture especial care must be exercised in the selection in order to avoid incongruity. There is nothing really objectionable in the commingling of the two styles, but the decorator must be dowered with fine discrimination and an innate sense of harmony. Yet how frequently do we see in a white and gold empire room with Watteau hangings and spindle-legged chairs a Chinese lacquer table or a heavy incense burner or carved teak wood in some form! The room then ceases to be anything but a documentary proof of bad taste, and is really nothing but a museum. With a little common sense all this may be avoided.

* * *

Surely we are quite right in considering articles of willow and rattan as among beautiful things, especially for Summer use. They are graceful and light, and at the same time substantial and durable.

Things made of willow finished in the natural color of the wood look cool and charming, and they have an appearance of delightful freshness that is found in no other material. However, willow takes a stain beautifully, the tans and greens that are most appropriate to it, and willow furniture finished in these tints is very pleasing to the eyes, the green especially being very soothing.

Of course, willow and rattan chairs are old, time-honored, but they are made in a greater variety than formerly, and people go in for willow furniture more than ever, more particularly in country houses. Sometimes more rattan is used, sometimes more willow, and there seems to be nothing that cannot be made of this material. It is easily possible to furnish a room with it. An endless variety of chairs and lounges, tables, wall panels, picture frames, flower stands—in fact, everything except floor mattings can be and is made of willow. And while it might not be the cheapest outfit one could buy, there could hardly be found anything cooler, more comfortable or more pleasing to the eye.

Of course it goes without saying that originality without good taste is not greatly to be desired. Every day we see startling parlors and boudoirs whose owners have had a wish to depart from the beaten track laid out by house decorators, and who have spent no end of money in striving after novelty, only to arrive at oddity. Hence the best advice to a man or woman who has not a sense of the artistic and the eternal fitness of things is to leave well enough alone and trust to the professional decorator, who has at least made a study of the subject.

Fortunately but few of us are lacking in the faculty of making home attractive, although the talent may lie hidden and unsuspected for years, and equally fortunate is it that the gift, once alert and developed, can transform any four walls from a mere abiding-place into a home, such is its fairy-like influence. The great trouble with the amateur house decorator is that he or she never seems to understand when the point of perfection is arrived at, but continues altering here and changing there until the final effect is fussy rather than tasteful. Over elaboration is always a fault, and when a good, simple and attractive result is reached it is best to leave it alone.

* * *

The clever woman who was declared by her friends to be able to construct a parlor from a dry goods box and a newspaper, would have been just the kind of an individual to furnish a modern flat, which alas! too often bears resemblance to the first mentioned article. The good lady mentioned would at last have been simple and concise, while most people go to the other extreme and over-furnish and over-crowd until the effect is one of suffocation. What would be charming in upholstery and drapery for a house, is generally out of place in a flat, as is often discovered when to late to repair the error except at considerable expense. Stained and varnished floors are infinitely preferable to carpets for apartments, because, in the first place, rugs may be obtained of any dimension, while carpets must be cut and fitted, rendering them more or less unavailable for future use; and, secondly, because rugs may be easily taken up and shaken, while carpets are down for six months at least. Once stained the floors can be kept bright by rubbing twice a week with crude petroleum, or ordinary astral oil, *not* kerosene, only sufficient being used to dampen a woolen cloth.

* * *

THE APPLE OF PARIS

THE JOYS AND WOES OF SUMMER.

THERE are no unmixed pleasures in this world, and even the joys of the summer holiday at the seaside are frequently marred by such visitations as sunburn and freckles. Suntan is seldom objected to; no one minds getting a genuinely brown skin, and the brownness which results from the combined action of sun and sea air is, as a rule, rather becoming than otherwise. Some complexions, however, are proof against this charm; the skin persistently resists the browning influence and becomes instead, scarlet in patches, peeling off here and there, while an irritating rash frequently accompanies these symptoms. Dark complexioned people do not so often suffer from sunburn as those whose skins are fair. Fair skins are thinner and more sensitive, therefore the intense heat of the sun and the salt-laden air injure them more readily.

These distressing skin affections might be almost invariably avoided if the fair-skinned girl would take a few simple precautions. If the skin is liable to sunburn, never go to the seaside without taking one or two good emollient preparations. Hard water for toilet purposes should also be rigorously avoided. It it is in any way possible only distilled water should be employed instead of the ordinary water of the district, and where this is not obtainable the water should be softened with a few drops of toilet ammonia. Do not trust to hotel or boarding house soap, but take with you a cake of the purest olive oil soap, and an ounce or two of boracic acid powder. After washing the face in the morning rub a little good cream into the skin until it is quite absorbed, then wipe the face gently with a soft handkerchief, and apply a vegetable face powder.

* * *

Physical exercises for the cure of chest affections, indigestion, chronic dyspepsia and other ailments have become more and more widely recognized as of therapeutical value. Indeed, there is a tendency, hardly perceptible as yet, but altogether commendable, to discourage the use of drugs, and to advocate more and more natural methods of cure. Knowledge has wonderfully progressed, and it appears that, as physiological knowledge advances, the claims of Nature as a remedial agent are more than ever recognized.

Many delicate girls and women have not sufficient strength to enter upon a course of physical exercises as expounded and practically demonstrated by some instructors of physical culture; others shrink from commencing such training, because they have no inclination for active physical exertion. With many time is an object and attendance at classes would be impracticable. I would therefore urge those who by force of circumstances are debarred from systematic training under instructors to carry out in their own homes a few simple daily exercises for the development of the chest and bust, the cure of round shoulders, and the general strengthening of the entire body.

Exercise 1.—Lift your arms until they make a horizontal line with your shoulders, bring them forward in front, reaching out as far as you can, but holding the body rigid. Next spread your arms with a slow, gentle motion as far as you can—do not let them drop—at the same time filling your lungs as full of air as possible. Do this ten times. Exercise 2.—Lift your arms outward with an easy, gentle motion up above your head, reaching as high as you can, but keeping your heels on the floor. Then lower them again gently to the first position. Do this ten times. In lifting your arms, inhale, and in lowering, exhale. These two exercises will develop the back, chest, and shoulders, and will increase the lung capacity rapidly. Exercise 3.—Place hands on hips; bend to the right as far as possible; then bend back again, and to the left as far as you can. Repeat twenty times, moving, not by jerks, but smoothly, and not too fast. Exercise 4.—Bend forward as far as you can, then backward as far as you can, with a gentle, easy, motion. Do this twenty times. In exercises three and four care must be taken not to bend the knees. Breathe naturally. The number of times you do the exercise is not so important as faithful regularity, and the way you do them. Start easily, and gradually increase the number you do of each. It is more harmful to exercise too much than too little.

* * *

With the Summer days when elbow sleeves and unlined yokes, or the new slightly décolleté blouse, are more and more in evidence, it will be wisdom on the part of the beauty-loving maiden to give particular attention to the condition of her neck and arms. Novelists invariably describe a young girl as having "arms and neck of dazzling whiteness," but that this is the exception rather than the rule, may be proven by a mere glance around the circle of our own acquaintances. The high, tight collar, thick winter flannels, lack of daily rubbing and consequent deterioration in circulation, with the bad habit of constantly leaning on elbows, have combined to make the neck and arms anything but lovely. The gift, which should rightly be a prerogative of youth, is as rare as any other beauty.

It may, however, like all contours, be attained by effort, even where the material seems most unpromising, though in the latter case it requires a little longer to win results. The brownish tint known as sallow is the commonest defect of the neck, sharing honors with too prominent tones in front, making the ugly hollow which disfigures so many girls. This color is due solely to lack of proper bathing and massage, and may be cured in the course of a month or two by daily scrubbing with a loofah and massage with a good cream or skin food. The flesh thus becomes firm and takes on a rosy glow, besides having a smooth, satiny finish from the massage and oil.

The hollow may be banished entirely, or made to take on a fascinating suggestion of delicacy by the same method, through massage with a good cream or olive oil, after copious bathing with warm water, and some neck exercises which bring the surrounding muscles into lively play.

Next to bodily cleanliness exercise may be reckoned as the greatest aid to beauty. In fact, exercise is almost necessary to cleanliness, for it is a great incentive to perspiration, which is nature's way of throwing the impurities of the body to the surface of the skin, from which they are then removed by the use of water. Open air exercise should be taken every day, but according to strength. One should return home after walking, riding or cycling with a sense of being pleasantly fatigued, but without any feeling of exhaustion. Exercise should be taken regularly, and if possible dumbbells should be used night and morning. The corset should not be worn while exercising with dumbbells. Skipping is an excellent exercise for the figure, and it is one of which our grandmothers were fond. It is usual with children to throw the rope forward when skipping, but it is far better to throw it backward, for it expands the chest much better.

To make the hair dry and fluffy this mixture is recommended: One ounce of eau de cologne, two ounces of rectified spirits of wine, half an ounce of bicarbonate of soda, and six ounces of distilled water.

Delightfully refreshing and cleansing for the face and hands is the following lavender lotion: Four ounces of alcohol, one-half ounce of ammonia, one dram of oil of lavender flowers. Add a teaspoonful to a bowlful of warm water.

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BEAUTY PRODUCER
I will mail any lady or gentleman a package of my Beauty Producer, in a plain sealed package, for 4 cents, to pay postage, packing, etc. It acts quickly, is perfectly safe and will remove Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Rash, Blackheads, etc., and makes the skin clear and beautiful. Add Mrs. JOSEPHINE LE BLARE, Dept. 123 St. Louis, Mo.

A BLESSING TO CHILDREN.
The Medicated CROUP Necklace or Amulet.

The great scourge of child life, CROUP, has been deprived of its terrors by this wonderful little discovery. It is the only safeguard known. It is worn next the skin, forming a medicated barrier and close protection to the croup centre. **It is clean, pleasant and sure preventive.** The originator never intended to make money from its sale and the small sum asked but covers cost of making and mailing.
Price, 50c. and 25c.
Our Medicated Pillow Pad quickly relieves Hay Fever, Grippe and Asthma.
For Sale by Druggists or
MEDICATED CROUP NECKLACE CO., Goshen, Ind.

Please mention PICTORIAL REVIEW when writing to advertisers.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER.

A CHARMING SUMMER WAIST.

THIS month the subject of our Home Dressmaking lesson is a very pretty and attractive waist that may be developed in almost any material. It is just as suitable in soft veilings as in soft silks and the many pretty Louisine weaves or perhaps crêpe de chine would be most appropriate.

Nearly all the new features are embodied in it, for it shows the deep yoke as well as the box-plait effect that are now so fashionable, and the sleeve forms one of the most attractive points. It is tucked in a cluster to give the clinging effect at the upper arm and between this and the cuff the material springs out into a full puff.

The pattern, although at first it appears intricate, is in reality very simple, and should afford no difficulties for the amateur dressmaker as the parts are all carefullly notched and if followed will fit together without any trouble.

The seams are not allowed on the patterns and the width that is to be allowed is left to personal wishes, although under no circumstances should less than half an inch be allowed for each seam, and even three-quarters of an inch is not too much, because no matter how carefully a pattern is cut, if it be not cut to measure a few changes always have to be made, and very often the lack of as little as a sixteenth of an inch makes a very material difference.

For the waist two yards of material forty-eight inches in width are required, that is if the whole waist is made of one kind of goods. The large diagram shows how the pattern is placed most economically on the fabric in order to avoid waste. The center of the back is placed on the fold of the goods and the edge of the front is also placed on the fold; the yoke is made in sections, three being necessary for the front and three for the back: they are tucked in the manner shown and are then applied to the lining. The front and back are arranged in box-plaits and sewed to the yoke. Between the plaits small cord or lace ornaments are applied, and similar trimming appears on the collar. After the sleeves have been cut out they are tucked according to the notches and are then gathered into the cuff, the upper part being carefully adjusted to the arms' eyes. The tucked collar portions are tucked according to the notches and are then applied to the collar foundation, the seam being covered with some pretty lace or with embroidered straps. The stock collar is also tucked to conform to the larger collar.

The lining of the waist is cut in the usual number of pieces and is feather-boned to keep the waist in shape.

Fig. 783.

The front blouses prettily over the belt and shows the long-waist effect.

After the parts have been basted together the waist is tried on and whatever alterations are required must then be made, because when a waist has once been sewed together and is then ripped it is not likely to be improved in appearance. The foundation of a great many evils in dressmaking is often due to poor basting. Baste well and you will accomplish the other parts of the work well. No one can expect to master the art of dressmaking who is not willing to baste well. Ten or fifteen minutes' careful basting will often obviate half a day's ripping.

Fine cotton should always be employed for basting. Never try to stitch a seam without first basting it.

To baste the lining of a waist, smooth out the outside sections with the right side down on a board or table. Place the lining upon this and pin both waist-linings together. Do not forget to baste across the waist-line, as this will be found a material help in joining the different parts of the waist. The former must be one even line after the garment has been basted together. All seams should be basted from the waist-line up. When the waist is joined, measure across the waist-line and see if it is the required waist measure. If it is found essential to make alterations, they should be made in the under-arm seam by letting out or taking in where necessary. Baste together the shoulder seam by holding the front seam taut to the back. If a waist has been cut by a perfect pattern all sections will exactly meet at the waist line as well as at the upper edge. The lower edge is not of so much consequence, as this is usually trimmed off.

The sleeve must be basted together as carefully as the waist, for if it does not receive the proper attention it will twist on the arm. It is always a good plan after the sleeve has been basted together, to try it on separately and see if it fits smoothly.

As the arms' eyes and the neck of a garment are liable to stretch when handling, a basting thread should be run through the lining and the material at these points, to prevent such a possibility.

* * *

BIG SHOW OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

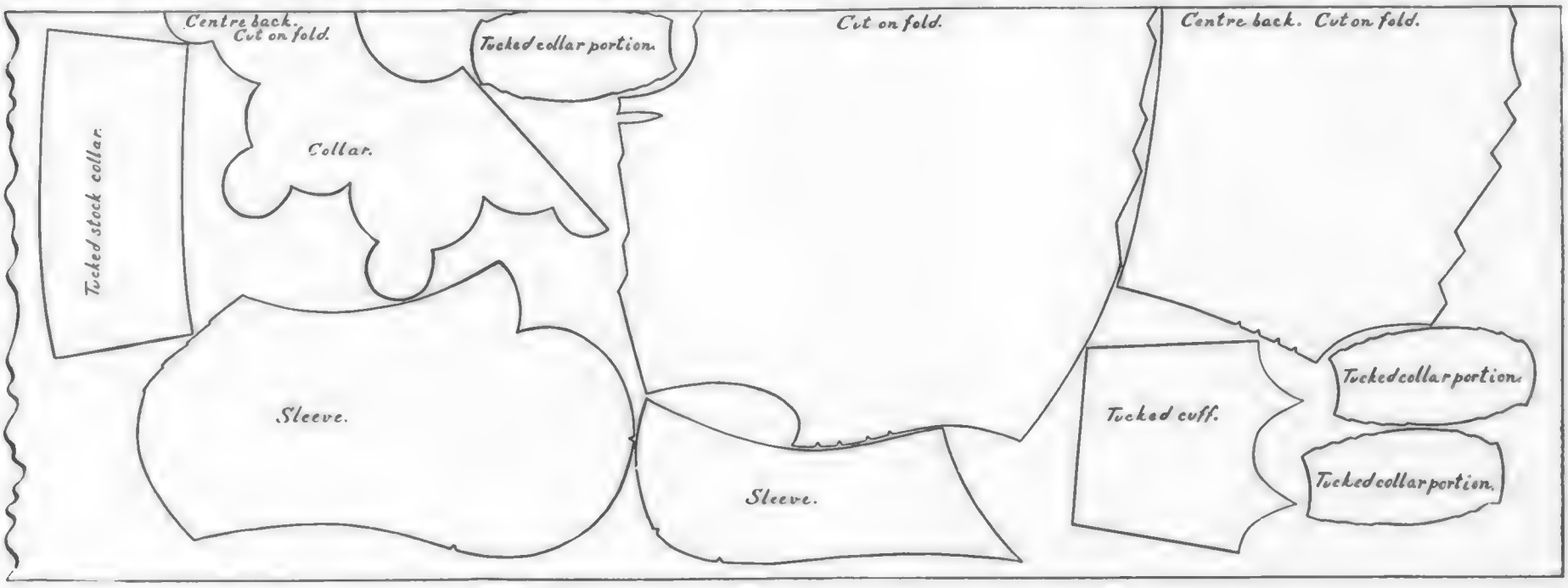
Plans for the Women's Exposition to be held at Madison Square Garden in October, under the auspices of the Professional Woman's League, are going rapidly forward. A number of applications for space are already on file and all connected with it are working hard to insure a brilliant success. The programme, so far, has received hearty indorsement.

One of the special features are the villages of the various countries, and the basement of the Garden will be converted into a Venetian street.

The exposition will exploit every article invented by or used by a woman, from a hair pin to a steam yacht. In the concert hall there will be a display of costumes from the earliest period to the present day.

* * *

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever out of reputation but by himself.



Dia. I.

Correspondence

FOR the interest and benefit of our readers we will devote such space as may be found necessary to questions and answers appertaining to DRESS, DRESSMAKING, MILLINERY, the TOILET, TOILET ARTICLES and SOCIETY CUSTOMS.

SPECIAL NOTICE: Our readers are requested to send us suggestions or requests for fancy work that they would like illustrated and explained. All requests will receive attention as promptly as possible in our correspondence columns, and if sketches are sent us, drawings will be made and illustrated.

GENERAL RULES. The following rules must be complied with by correspondents, otherwise their letters cannot be attended to:

FIRST.—Questions upon different subjects to be written on separate sheets of paper; write plainly and on one side of sheet.

SECOND.—All letters must give name and address of the writer, NOT FOR PUBLICATION, as we use the nom de plume or name you wish us to print with the answer to your questions. (Do not forget to write this under question.)

THIRD.—Questions relating to DRESS should give personal description as to age, height, blonde or brunette.

FOURTH.—Answers cannot be sent by mail unless return postage is enclosed.

Marion F.—Batiste is one of the most popular materials for Summer gowns. The soft beige and ecru shades predominate and are, in fact, to be found in all the new materials. If you trim your ecru batiste with bands of black chantilly lace and a touch of blue in your stock collar, you will be quite up to date.

Mrs. A. C.—White lawn with black lace stripes woven into it will make a gown that looks well without requiring much trimming, the patterning in itself being sufficient. Do not select a very elaborate style and you will surely be able to make the dress yourself with the aid of one of our paper patterns. The prices are always given with the description. The combination of thin, transparent materials, such as silk mulle and mousseline de soie, with heavy lace appliqué, is quite popular and is particularly suitable for the Summer blouse for evening wear, which should be simply made to avoid all idea of fussiness.

Mrs. E. F.—Nearly all the dresses made of muslin or lawn for growing girls have the yoke outlined with a full, gathered ruffle. For heavier materials, for instance cheviot, serge, etc., collars, revers or bretelles are mostly used, these being shaped and usually cut without fulness. Smocking is a very pretty way of finishing children's frocks. In a way it really combines both making and trimming.

Mrs. G. T.—The first wedding anniversary is known as the paper wedding and the second is the cotton wedding. There are no ends of things to be given made of paper, for under this head can come pictures, painted photographed frames, etc., and there are a great many things made of paper that look like China. Papier maché is attractive in many different designs, and books are also included.

Inquirer.—It is entirely a matter for each person to decide whether the name shall be signed or not. As a rule, photographs are sent without any signature.

Mabel B.—Yes, I can understand that black suits you well, but it is rather somber wear for one so young, save, of course, when you are in mourning, as at present. Delicate gray, white and cream ought to be becoming to you; also biscuit, beige, very pale blue and pretty shades of brown—more golden than red brown. Shirt waist suits of pongee, also of taffeta, are considered very smart.

A. B. C.—There is nothing to be done with your white flannel skirt save to rip it entirely apart, recut it by a new pattern and add a flounce; for the latter you will have to purchase new flannel.

Nancy.—Your delaine is very pretty, and I do not think you will find it too strong a tint, especially if you have it lined with white batiste, which will subdue the color somewhat. Have it made with a large collar of ivory or deep-ecru embroidered lawn and lace, the skirt trimmed with lace the same tint as the collar, and the vest of fine piece lace or embroidered net. still in the same shade as the other lace, and run with narrow black velvet, as you fancy a touch o this. If you wear with it a big black tulle picture hat, I am sure you will look really charming.

Perplexed.—You would find a nice linen dress far more serviceable than muslin for seaside wear, and you could certainly have the skirt made to clear the ground comfortably. Skirts for smart wear, garden parties, visiting, and so on, still have long trains, and are daintily made with frills, flounces and insertions, but regular walking dresses for general wear and tear have skirts that clear the ground by quite two inches, made plain around the hips and completed either with a flounce or with strappings simulating a flounce, in the latter case the skirt is cut with curved seams to give the necessary flare at the bottom.

Madam Hunt's Millinery School

Room 42, KRANZ BLDG., 78 State Street, Chicago. Endorsed by the leading houses as the best Millinery School in the city. Instruction given to Milliners as well as beginners. Orders taken. Work guaranteed.

LIA RAND'S Perfecto Cream

This delicate White, Hygienic, Non-Acid Bleach is a Tissue Builder, Skin Food and Great Beautifier. Shrinks enlarged Pores. Nourishes the underlying Tissue, so removes Wrinkles. Increases the Flesh on Face, Neck, Hands and Bust, making it firm, white and soft.

Price, Jar 50 cts.; Tube 25 cts.

Rules for Facial Massage included. Sample Free for 2 cent stamp.

A Scientific Combination

LIA RAND'S PERFECTO CREAM

and

COMPLEXION PELLETS

containing no arsenic or other injurious ingredients. A sure cure for Pimples and Skin troubles. Two weeks' treatment mailed in plain wrapper, **$1.00.**

LIA RAND, 199 Washington St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

CORSETS MADE TO ORDER

"THE TODD CORSET" made to measure only.

New designs in straight front, low bust, long hip effects. The waist line can be lowered two inches and the abdomen and hips reduced from two to eight inches with perfect safety and comfort. This corset gives the true military figure. The only corset that *can* fit properly is the one that is made from the wearers' individual measurements.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS AND ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS WOVEN TO ORDER.

Send for Catalogue C and directions for self measurements.

AGENTS WANTED.

HENRY H. TODD,
282-284 York St., New Haven, Conn.

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Dress Plaiting

Best work at the Lowest Prices.

FALK & DANNENBERG, Proprietors
562 THIRD AVENUE
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Price List

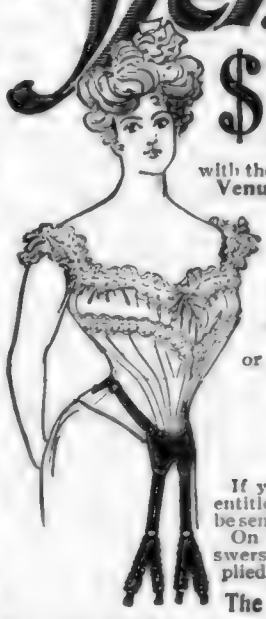
KNIFE OR SIDE PLAITING		ACCORDION PLAITING ¼ inch, ⅜ inch, ½ inch.	
From 1 to 5 in.	1c. per yd.	From 1 to 5 in.	2c. per yd.
" 6 to 10 "	2c. " "	" 6 to 10 "	3c. " "
" 11 to 15 "	4c. " "	" 11 to 15 "	5c. " "
" 16 to 20 "	5c. " "	" 16 to 20 "	7c. " "
" 21 to 25 "	10c. " "	" 21 to 25 "	12c. " "
" 26 to 30 "	14c. " "	" 26 to 30 "	14c. " "
		" 31 to 40 "	18c. " "
		" 41 to 50 "	22c. " "
		" 51 to 60 "	25c. " "

Pinking and Buttons Made to Order. A Complete Line of Dressmakers' and Tailors' Supplies Kept on Hand. **SKIRTS SUN PLAITED, $1.50.** Free Directions for preparing and cutting Sun Plaited Skirts, sent upon request. **Patterns of Gored Sun Plaited Skirts, 25c.**

Free Delivery on all Plaiting Orders amounting to **50c** or more. We prepay return Express charges. We ship all Orders the same day they are received. When sending work to us have your name and address on outside of package.

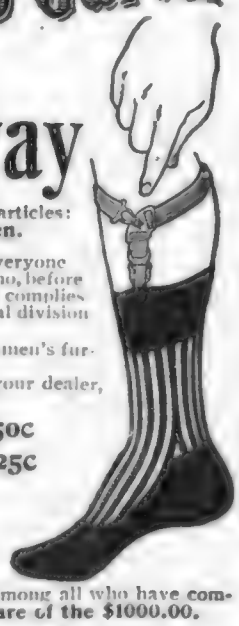
Theatrical Work a Specialty. Circular Sent by Request

Venus **Flexo Garter**



$1000. Given Away

with the sole object of extensively advertising these two popular articles: **Venus Hose Supporter for Women and Flexo Garter for Men.**



HOW TO SECURE YOUR SHARE Everyone who, before September 10, 1902, answers this advertisement, and complies with the following two conditions, shall receive an equal division of this $1000.00 distribution in cash.

FIRST: Write plainly the name of a dry-goods firm, or men's furnisher that you patronize.

SECOND: Buy any one of the following, either from your dealer, or order direct from us:

Venus Hose Supporter, Satin Band, Frilled Silk Elastic **50c**
Venus Hose Supporter, Same Style as Above, Mercerized, **25c**
Flexo Garter, Silk Finish, 25c

If you buy of your dealer send us the purchase slip, this will entitle you to your share. If you order direct, supporters will be sent postpaid on receipt of above listed retail price, in stamps.

On the evening of September 10, 1902, the counting of answers shall be made, and the $1000.00 will be divided equally among all who have complied with above terms. **Each Pair Ordered Receives a Share of the $1000.00.**

The Venus Hose Supporter

for women is ideal for summer wear—It is worn over or under corset, or girdle, and is independent of either.

It materially assists the wearer in maintaining an erect carriage—keeps the abdomen and point of corset flat. Supporter for each stocking draws direct upon opposite side of band, and thus does away with back-strain so common to ordinary supporters.

Both styles of the Venus are beautifully made, and fitted with ornamental metal parts, and the new non-tearing **Fiber Shank Flexo Fasteners.** In ordering be sure and mention the color you desire, either light blue, white, black, cardinal or pink.

Flexo Garter for Men

has more good features than any men's garter on the market. Made of one continuous piece of flat silk finish webbing. Lies perfectly flat against leg, therefore never slips or unfastens.

The **Flexo Loop** and **Fiber Shank** fit any thickness of hose, and absolutely prevents tearing. A better looking—feeling—wearing garter cannot be made at any price, than the Flexo at 25c.

Ask your dealer for Flexo or Venus—take no old-fashioned substitute. The **Flexo Loop** *and* **Fiber Shank** *are little things to look for, but big things to possess.*

Booklet, "Order of the Garter," Mailed Free.

A. STEIN & COMPANY, 238 Market Street, CHICAGO

INFANT'S KNITTED BOOTEE.

PINK and white silk is used for making these pretty bootees. They are drawn up at ankle with a silk cord and tassels.

Cast on 61 stitches with the white, and knit 3 rows plain; then k. 2 rows plain with pink.

Sixth row—K. 1, th. o., k. 3, sl. 1, n., pass sl. st. over, k. 3, o., repeat 5 times more, then k. 1.

Seventh, ninth and eleventh rows—Purl.

Eighth and tenth rows—Like sixth row.

Twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth rows—Knit plain, with the white.

Fifteenth row—Purl.

Sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth rows—Use pink and knit plain.

Twentyfirst row—Purl.

Twenty-second row—Use white, knit plain.

Twenty-third row—Purl.

Twenty-fourth, twenty-sixth, twenty-eighth and thirtieth rows—Like sixth.

Twenty-fifth, twenty-seventh, twenty-ninth and thirty-first rows—Purl.

Next 5 rows use pink, and knit plain. Next row, k. 2, o. n., * k. 4, o., n., and repeat 8 times from *, k. 3. Next row, purl; next, k. 5 rows plain. Then purl 1 row. Now with white knit 1 row. Purl 1 row, k. 1 row, purl 1 row, k. 1 row, purl 1 row.

Next with pink knit 38 stitches, turn and k. back 15 st., then k. 4 times more across the 15 st. (making 3 ribs). Now with white k. 1 row, purl 1 row, k. 1 row, purl 1 row. Now with pink k. 6 rows plain. Now with white work like the last stripe of white. Now another pink stripe like the former. Then with white the same as before, except that you narrow once at each side in last row. Now make another pink stripe. Then a white stripe same as before, except that you narrow at each side in all the plain or knit rows. Now with pink, pick up all the st. along right side of instep; k. the st. across the toe; pick up the st. along the left side and knit the remaining st. on the left needle.

Knit plain until there are 6 ribs, then in next row narrow at each end (the heel) and 3 times at the toe, thus: Once in the middle and once at each side, leaving 5 st. between. Narrow in same way after 8th, 10th and 11th ribs. After the 12th rib, bind off. Sew up the sock at the back and across the bottom.

Make a white silk cord by crocheting with the silk doubled a chain about ½ yard long, and attach a little round silk ball to each end, after the cord has been drawn through the little holes around the ankle. Silk balls are made thus: Wind silk around two of your fingers about 65 times and fasten by tying firmly through middle of all tightly. After removing from fingers clip with sharp shears into a nice round ball.

The materials required are: One ½-ounce spool each Corticelli crochet and knitting silk, pink 572.5, white 1191. Two No. 14 steel knitting needles. Price of silk sent postpaid by mail is 76 cents.

BABY'S CROCHETED SACK, WITH SILK YOKE.

This is a very dainty little sack, having silk yoke and bands at wrist of silk also. It is worked of cream white split zephyr and light blue silk and is of size suitable for a child one year old.

Begin with silk and make a ch. of 138 st.; turn, and do a s. c. in every stitch. Next row, s. c. in every stitch, always taking up the end st. and working in the farther ch. from you, as this is necessary to give the ribbed effect. Next row, do 34 s. c. and do 2 s. c. in 34th st. instead of 1; now 10 s. c. in next 10 st., widen in 10th st. by adding 1 s. c., then make 50 s. c. in next 50 st., widening in 50th st., then 10 s. c. in next 10 st., widening in 10th st., then do 34 s. c. in next 34 st. The 34 st. at ends are the front points of the yoke, the 10 st. are for shoulders, and the 50 st. are for the back of yoke.

In next row do 34 st. and widen, 12 st. and widen, 50 st. and widen, 12 st. and widen, 34 st. In the following rows continue to increase 2 st. on each shoulder until you have 50 st. on each, then do one rib across each front and 1 rib across the back, omitting the shoulders. Now the yoke is complete. Join on the zephyr in the lower left hand corner.

This part is made in the double loop stitch, thus—draw up a loop ¼ inch in length where you fasten the yarn on, and another in next stitch. Put yarn over and draw through 2 loops, yarn over and draw through the 2 st. on hook, ch. 1. Continue until you have taken up 8 st. of yoke, making 4 double loops. Then increase by taking up first loop of each st. where the last in st. previous was taken. Continue to first point. Turn, and do another row, only take up 1 loop from each side of each loop in first row. Now break yarn and do 2 rows on other front the same.

Do 2 rows on back by increasing all across it. Begin now at one side of front and, when you get across it, do 16 ch. for sleeve, and join to the back, continue to other side and do 16 ch. for other sleeve, then continue across front. Next row, continue in the same way, making 8 double loop st. on each ch. of 16. Continue until you have made 20 rows, counting from yoke. Now make the sleeve in the same manner increasing all across the shoulder, making 18 rows for each sleeve and joining each row with a sl. st. Now join on silk and make 62 s. c. around the sleeve. Continue in rows until you have done 8 rows. Seam on wrong side. Now with the yarn make 7 or 9 scallops of 7 d. c. caught down with a sl. st. You are now ready for the border. Begin in the upper left hand corner and do a single loop st. in 2d st. on first rib, 1 ch., a single loop on first st. of first rib, 1 ch. This should give the stitches a crossed effect as they cross each other. Then do a single loop in farther side of second rib, 1 ch., a single loop in nearest side to last cross stitches, 1 ch. Continue all round the jacket (excepting the neck), for 3 rounds (keeping the work quite flat).

Now do 1 d. c. in every 3d st. across the neck. This opening is for the ribbon. Then 1 row of single loops across the neck (using the crossed effect). Next a row of scallops all across the neck and around the jacket, and finish scallops around the sleeves and jacket with a picote edge of 3 ch. caught between each st.

The materials required are: Two ½-ounce spools Corticelli crochet silk, blue 902. Four skeins cream white split zephyr. ⅞ yard No. 2 blue satin ribbon.

A unique trimming for thin dresses is white and black spotted net cut into narrow bands and used like insehtion or edging. This is especially effective in black net having white spots, on a white mull or organdy, and an attractive mode of desposition is to let in three rows of the net in zigzag fashion on the skirt, with narrow frills of the material, edged with net, arranged on the bottom and between the points formed out of the inserted bands of the net. Medallions and bands colored silks are extensively used on white fabrics and may certaily be considered a new feature on Summer gowns.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

Patterns of all garments illustrated in PICTORIAL REVIEW may be obtained only from the AMERICAN FASHION COMPANY, 3 Broadway, New York City, at the prices quoted. Mail orders must be accompanied by cash or postal orders. Also kindly state lining is wanted.

DAINTY SUMMER GOWN.
(Illustrated on front cover.)

Gown of white silk mousseline embroidered with deep pink dots. Blouse trimmed in bolero and yoke effect with satin ribbon, and narrow ruffle. Elbow sleeves trimmed to match. The same ribbon garniture appears on the skirt which is trimmed with fluffy ruffles. Pattern, blouse. $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra each.

EVENING AND HOUSE GOWNS
(Illustrated on page 4.)

Fig. 864. Demi toilette of rose Dubarri crêpe meteor, tucked in groups, and trimmed with diamond shaped medallions of Irish crochet lace. Flounced skirt, with insertings. Cape collar on blouse of lace matching medallions and inserting. Cravatte of crêpe with lace ends. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 865. Frock of tucked sea green mousseline de soie laid in vertical tucks, trimmed with Maltese lace. Shaped flounce is tucked in horizontal groups. Blouse cut square and finished with broad border of lace, and a second piece is inset below. New sleeve. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 866. Frock of oyster white linen canvas, with vertical insertings of coarse linen Cluny lace. Capuchin cape gives drooping effect at shoulders. Girdle and lacings of Pompadour velvet. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra each.

ELABORATE GOWNS FOR CALLING OR DRIVING.
(Illustrated on page 6.)

Fig. 873. Gown of white mousseline de soie, laid in gathered tucks below yoke, above girdle and at hips, where the fulness is held by elaborate shaped pieces of white satin overlaid with lace. This trimming also heads the group of four lightly gathered ruffles which border the skirt. Scarf of leaf green chiffon is drawn underneath scallops of lace and satin appliqué in laced effect. Pattern, skirt, $1.25; blouse, $1.25. Cut to measure 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 874. Gown of black satin mousseline laid in vertical tucks, elaborately trimmed with lace and velvet appliqué on a dotted net ground, transparent over a white lining. Three ruffles of net, edged with velvet, finish the edge of skirt. Pattern, skirt, $1.25; blouse, $1.25. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 875. Frock of white etamine canvas. Gored skirt of material tucked on the bias, with fagotted seams. Three shaped flounces, bordered with tucks, and mounted with band of appliqué trimming. Tucked blouse with yoke, overlaid with satin straps worked with French knots, and bordered with appliqué. Scarf and girdle of water blue Liberty satin. New sleeve. Pattern, skirt, $1.25; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra each.

COLLARLESS BLOUSES OF BATISTE AND LAWN.
(Illustrated on page 8.)

Fig. 383. Blouse of écru batiste, buttoned in the back under a box plait. Pointed yoke and vest of batiste laid in horizontal tucks, outlined by narrow appliqué, bolero of vertical tucks. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 384. Blouse of nainsook laid in groups of vertical tucks, trimmed with narrow appliqué, forming squares. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 385. Blouse of cotton grenadine, with inset piece of same material laid in vertical tucks, and bordered by narrow embroidery. Tucked elbow sleeve. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 386. Blouse of tucked lawn, with sleeve, and simulated bolero of plain material. Trimming of embroidery inserting. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

FANCY BLOUSES FOR HOUSE WEAR.
(Illustrated on page 10.)

Fig. 469. Blouse of white silk mull, with yoke of black silk filet net, with a pattern darned with white filo silk. A scarf of mull finished with a ribbon edged ruffle is arranged in a fichu. The blouse portion and the upper sleeve are trimmed with ribbon run lace beading. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 470. Blouse of Liberty silk, trimmed with narrow ribbon velvet and lace appliqué ornaments. Yoke is finished with a double puff, a succession of which form sleeve. Blouse portion is laid in tucks, with appliqué. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 471. Elaborate blouse of tucked white chiffon, with bolero, upper sleeve, straps and cravatte of emerald green panne. Revers and other trimming of Irish crochet lace. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 472. Blouse of tucked Liberty satin, with yoke of écru batiste embroidery over turquoise blue. Arrangement of filet lace, run with black velvet ribbon, to increase the sloping shoulder effect. Jabot and sleeve ruffles of same lace. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 473. Blouse of Venetian lace, over gold tissue. Bolero and sleeve of tucked yellow Louisine, with fulness falling free about two inches above the edge. Scarf and jabot of white chiffon edged with ruche. Black velvet ribbon straps, with gold buttons. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

PRACTICAL TEA GOWNS.
(Illustrated on page 12.)

Fig. 490. Tea gown of silver gray eolienne, trimmed with ribbon run lace beading, with buckles at intervals. Full panel front and sleeve puff of same material, embroidered with a silk spot. Triple ribbon edged ruffles form epaulettes, and trim the sleeve at elbow. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure $1.00 extra.

Fig. 491. Tea gown of white cashmere, close fitting at sides, straight front, Watteau back. Slashings are made to admit ribbon lacing to form girdle, and ornament sleeve, and collar. Cape collar, with ruffled lace edge beaded with appliqué, a row of which also heads the flounce. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure $1.00 extra.

Fig. 492. Rose pink albatross tea gown trimmed with écru appliqué. Cape collar, edged with lace ruffle, and bordered with appliqué, with medallions with black velvet centers at intervals. Watteau back. Black velvet ribbon. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure $1.00 extra.

SKIRTS OF WOOL AND SILK.
(Illustrated on page 14.)

Fig. S180. Skirt of tucked peau de soie, with hip yoke and front panel in one piece. Three flat ruffles at edge of yoke and skirt. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. S181. Skirt of tucked soft finished taffeta. Panel effect in front, outlined by black Chantilly appliqué. Two gathered ruffles set apart to show ruched heading. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. S182. Skirt of panné cloth, tucked in groups on the bias. Tucked flounce mounted with stitched points of cloth. Pattern, $1.25. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. S183. Skirt of tucked Louisine trimmed with ruches, and velvet ribbon, in rows. Medallions outlined by ruche, with center of radiating velvet baby ribbon, with buckle. Graduated shaped flounce, mounted with tucks. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. S184. Skirt of zibeline, with new "Sunburst" back. Fan effect repeated in front and at sides. Trimming of braid bordered velvet straps, and three rows of narrow velvet ribbon. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

MILLINERY PANEL.
(Illustrated on page 15.)

Hat of white Neapolitan straw, with draped scarf of point d'appliqué, and bunches of fuchsias clustered on the brim.

Hat of "burnt" straw, with rather broad binding of "powder blue" velvet. Wreath of red berries, with foliage.

Crownless tricorne of black rough straw with white straw facing, trimmed with velvet ribbon and jewelled buckles.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FLEXIBLE FABRICS.
(Illustrated on page 16.)

Fig. 876. Frock of eolienne, trimmed with transparent appliqué embroidery. Gored skirt with insertings of embroidery down the seams, and heading shaped flounces, which are bordered with tucks. Deep tucked yoke with horizontal insertings and scarf of velvet ribbon with rosette. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 877. Frock of soft black satin. Skirt is laid in reversed tucks simulating box plaits. Fagotted seams showing white lining. Flounce of black embroidered net over white, with three little ruffles at edge, mounted with irregular appliqué. Eton coat with inverted box plaits falling free just above the waist line. Yoke of satin and lace inserting. Epaulettes and ornaments of écru ap-

(Continued on page 41.)

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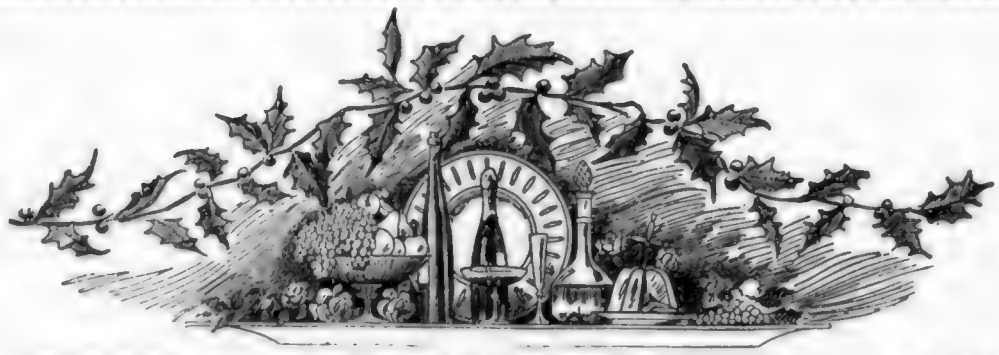

USEFUL AND TIMELY RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS.

Edited by LIA RAND, author of the "Philosophy of Cooking," etc.

Cold Puddings.

IT is said by wise men that cooks are born and not made, this may be right in theory, but not in practice. Every thoughtful and thrifty housewife can learn how to cook, some better than others to be sure, but where there is a will there is a way! It should be every woman's endeavor to make her home happy and nothing is more conducive to happiness than a well-satisfied "inner man." When the meal is well served everybody leaves the table with a satisfied look, and though we must practice economy, good food, well cooked is worthy of being served up in an appetizing style. I herewith annex some recipes for cold puddings easy to make and serve and appropriate desserts for the summer season when cold desserts are almost a necessity.

Cold Peach Pudding.

Make a syrup of a pint and a half of water and a cupful and a half of sugar, and put it on to boil until thick. Get twelve good sized peaches, peel them, halve them and boil them until soft but not mushy. Dissolve an ounce of gelatine in a half cupful of water, strain it and pour it over the peaches when taken off the fire. Stir gently until the mixture becomes cool. Before the jelly has had time to congeal dip a mould in cold water and turn the mixture into it. Set in a cool place or in a bowl of ice for about four hours. At serving time, dip the mould into warm water and turn the pudding on a flat dish and garnish with a pint of sweet cream beaten very stiff and flavored according to taste. Either with brandy maraschino or vanilla extract. Small cakes should be served with it. Apricots can be used instead of peaches.

Crême à la Bavaroise.

(Cold Pudding.)

Soak half an ounce of good gelatine in half a cupful of cold water, stir into it a pint of hot cream and strain through a sieve. Beat the yolks of four eggs with a cup of sugar. Flavor with vanilla extract and the rind of a lemon; pour this little by little, beating all the while, in the hot cream. Put it on the fire and continue beating until it thickens but does not boil. Take off the fire, and when cool, beat into it a pint of whipped cream, a spoonful at a time. Pour this mass in a mould and set it on ice. Use the white of four eggs to make little baisées to serve with the pudding.

Chocolate Blanc Mange.

Mix in a dish one quarter of a pound of grated sweet chocolate, half a box of gelatine, one coffee cupful of sugar and one quart of sweet milk. Mix well and set the dish in a kettle of water. Let it boil for an hour. Take off the fire, let it cool, then turn it into a mould and serve.

Cocoanut Cream to be Served in Glasses.

Thicken one pint of milk, in which is dissolved three quarters of a cup of sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of corn starch. Let it come to a boil, then beat into the whites of three eggs well beaten. Take off the fire, allow it to stand a few minutes, then mix into it one cupful of grated cocoanut. Flavor with vanilla, put it on ice and when very cold serve in small glasses with grated cocoanut sprinkled on top.

Pineapple Cream Pudding.

Put two cupfuls of grated pineapple and one cup of sugar to boil. Let it simmer slowly, in the meantime melt half a box of gelatine in half a cup of water and when the pineapple is soft add the gelatine and stir until dissolved. Put this in a dish on cracked ice and stir until it begins to thicken; then add two cups of whipped cream. Put in a mould, set on ice for three hours and serve with sweetened cream.

Raspberry Cream.

Pulp through a sieve three ounces of good ripe raspberry and mix with it one pint of cream: add to this the juice of one lemon and sugar to taste. Mix well and beat until very stiff. Serve in glasses with lady fingers. It is a tasty and dainty dessert.

Strawberry Cream Cold Pudding.

Take one quart of strawberries, three pints of thick cream, one pound of sugar and one cupful of cold water. Cover the fruit with sugar, mash it together, and rub it through a sieve. Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in the cup of water and set it back of the range where it will warm gradually. Whip the cream to a froth, pour in the dissolved gelatine, and continue whipping, with bowl set on ice, until quite firm, then add the strawberry pulp. Fill individual charlottes with it, or serve well piled in small glasses.

Crême of Currants Cold Pudding.

Take three pints of currants strip them from the stems and mix with them two pints of raspberries. Pass them through a hair sieve and mix in nine ounces of powdered sugar. Dissolve an ounce of gelatine in boiling water, add the pulp and beat until cold. Beat a pint and a half of thick cream until very stiff, mix it gradually in the ready mass. Put in a mould, set it on ice for three or four hours, serve with fruit sauce or plain cream.

Peach, Apricot, Pineapple, or Cherry Cold Pudding.

Cover half an ounce of gelatine with cold water; when soft add a pint of boiling water strain it on a flat platter. When cool break into it the whites of three eggs, add a small pinch of salt, the juice and rind of one lemon, a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Beat all this until it begins to stiffen, then add the fruit well sweetened, which you have prepared in advance. Take a pint of any fruit and reduce it to a pulp by passing through a hair sieve. When it is all well beaten and foamy put it in a mould and set on ice.

Rice Crême with Fruit Cold Pudding.

Blanche six ounces of rice, drain the water off; then put it to boil with one pint and a half of cream, sweeten the rice to taste and when the rice is soft add a teaspoonful of grated vanilla and half an ounce of dissolved and strained gelatine. When this mixture is cold mix in a pint of thick cream beaten to snow. Pour some of this mass in a mould the height of three inches, then put a layer of all kinds of preserved or cooked fruit, nuts also if liked. Continue putting a layer of rice and a layer of fruit until the mould is filled. Pack in cracked ice and leave it for three hours.

Strawberry Jam Cold Pudding.

Put one pint of cream on to boil in a farina boiler. Beat the yolks of five eggs with a cup of sugar until thick and stir them into the boiling cream, and cook until it thickens. Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in half a cup of cold water and pour the hot cream over it. When this is cool mix into it a pint of cream and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and freeze. When frozen, pack in a round mould, cut out a well in the center and fill with strawberry jam, cover with the piece that was cut out. Pack in ice and let it stand for two hours.

Orange Charlotte.

Soak half a box of gelatine in cold water until soft. Then pour on it half a cup of boiling water, one cup of sugar and the juice of one lemon. Strain it and add one cup of orange juice and pulp and the grated rind of one orange. Cool in a pan of ice water. Line a mold with lady fingers or slices of sponge cake. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff snow and when the orange jelly begins to harden beat it until light and add the beaten whites. While beating heat it together until stiff enough to drop. Pour into the mold and serve whipped sweetened and flavored cream with it.

Sago Pudding—with Fresh Currants.

Pick from the stems three-quarters of a pound of currants, have ready three-quarters of a pound of sugar, three ounces of cleaned sago, put them in alternate layers, in a nice pot, sprinkle with sugar and a little cinnamon, cook without stirring for twenty minutes. Shake the pot every now and then that they may not burn. Beat the whites of six eggs, to a stiff snow, remove the pot from the fire and taking care not to crush the fruit, mix in the whites when the mass has cooled. Serve in a deep dish with a fresh currant sauce.

Crushed Rice Pudding—Cold.

Put on the fire in a pot a pint of milk, four ounces of sugar, three ounces of blanched and pounded almonds, some cinnamon, a little grated vanilla bean. Take a quarter of a pound of rice finely ground and mix it in a little milk. Boil all together for ten minutes. Take yolks of four eggs, beat them well with a tablespoonful of good butter, run it in the boiling rice, beating all the time, until all seems well boiled. Beat the four whites to a stiff snow, take the mass off the fire and mix in the whites. Serve as you please in a mold or in a glass dish. Set it away to cool and serve with a fruit sauce.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(Continued from page 39.)

pliqué. Sleeves of figured net, with satin straps, transparent over white. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; Eton, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 878. Frock of white mohair. Skirt with new panel effect with seam in the middle of the front. Two ruffles headed by irregular appliqué trimming, with row of inserting above. Blouse with tucked yoke, and appliqué piece, edged with ruffle, to broaden shoulders. Cravatte of accordion plaited chiffon. New sleeve. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

HANDSOME GOWNS FOR AFTERNOON WEAR.

(Illustrated on page 18.)

Fig. A. Gown of black silk mousseline, accordeon plaiting with black Chantilly and cream medallions and silk mousseline set in forming squares; blouse and upper part of sleeves in squares with medallions to match skirt. Yoke and collar of cream filet lace; lower part of sleeve of plaited mousseline and cuffs of Chantilly insertion and medallions. Crushed belt of turquoise satin, and ends in back trimmed with Chantilly.

Fig. B. Gown of black taffeta, set in points on lace with lattice work of black velvet ribbon with embroidered rosettes; bodice and upper part of sleeve of lattice work of taffeta and velvet ribbon on lace; bodice trimmed with Venetian points; vest and collar of tucked net trimmed with black velvet; puff of sleeve of tucked net with velvet ribbon and taffeta lattice work; cuffs and collar trimmed with embroidery on white silk.

ELABORATE GOWNS OF LINEN AND CREPE DE CHINE.

(Illustrated on page 20.)

Fig. C. Gown of blue crêpe de chine; skirt of five tucked panels with box plait over each seam and two in back, each panel finished with embroidery set in; skirt, yoke and lower part of bodice of embroidery, upper part of bodice tucked, and box plaited, collar of embroidery. Stock and vest of tucked muslin; stock and belt finished with black and white ribbon.

Fig. D. Gown of turquoise blue linen glacé, nine gore skirt, each gore has two small box plaits; over seams are stitched white and blue ribbon finished with pearl buttons; full flounce beaded with Irish point, finished at bottom with wide hem and Irish point insertion; bodice with blouse effect, box plaited, and bands of stitched ribbon and lace, same as on skirt; vest and collar of tucked chiffon; upper part of sleeve chiffon to match vest, over sleeve of toile glacé.

GOWNS OF CHIFFON AND VEILING.

(Illustrated on page 22.)

Fig. E. Robe of chiffon veiling, skirt has fourteen clusters of five tucks each, with circular flounce; tucks attached to skirt by three bias folds of taffeta and lace, bottom of flounce finished by Irish point lace and three folds of bias taffeta; lower part of bodice of Irish point with crushed belt of taffeta and postillions of lace and folds of taffeta; upper part of bodice of tucked veiling, yoke and collar of blue satin, braided and trimmed with lace, small plaited tabs of blue satin with straps of black velvet and buttons in front; over shoulder is a collar of lace and folds of taffeta; upper part of sleeves tucked, lower part plain. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra each.

Fig. F. Gown of crêpe de chine; skirt tucked over hips and back, three deep tucked ruffles edged with narrow Cluny, over ruffles encrusted with Cluny, hand painted; bodice of tucked crêpe and Cluny, front of tucked chiffon, bands of maize-colored silk; collar of Cluny. Upper part of sleeve tucked, lower part of tucked crêpe and Cluny, cuffs also of Cluny. Belt and sash of chiffon. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra each.

DRESSY FROCKS OF WASHABLE MATERIALS.

(Illustrated on page 24.)

Fig. 879. Frock of écru batiste, trimmed with appliqué, and Vandyked lace in self color. Skirt with three horizontal tucks, and panel outlined by box plaits overlaid by appliqué. Box plaited blouse, with yoke effect of tucked batiste, cut square at throat. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 880. Frock of blue butcher's linen, trimmed with Louisine wash ribbon. Tucked skirt with fulness falling free several inches above edge. Tucked bolero and sleeve of linen over blouse of India mull. Charles I collar of embroidered linen. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 881. Frock of white nainsook, trimmed with fine inserting and edging of Swiss embroidery. Skirt with flounce laid in inch wide horizontal tucks headed by inserting. Tucked blouse with collar of pin tucks, edged with embroidery. Straps of velvet ribbon. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 882. Frock of tucked washing silk trimmed with inserting. Skirt has deep hip yoke of tucks, falling free below. Blouse repeats same idea, over a full vest of "all-over" lace. The material is cut away under all insertings. Pattern, $1.25. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 883. Frock of mercerized mull, trimmed with same material embroidered with a silk spot, fagoting, and narrow edging. Skirt has panel and yoke in one piece. Blouse is laid in groups of tucks. Broad square collar of embroidered material. New sleeve. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

MORNING FROCKS FOR ALL WEATHERS.

(Illustrated on page 26.)

Fig. 884. Frock of white linen, trimmed with straps of embroidery, and briar stitching. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 885. Frock of white albatross briar stitched in pale blue. Skirt with three flat shaped ruffles. Tucked blouse with triple cape effect. Blue velvet ribbon. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 886. Frock of blue cheviot. Skirt with tucked panel front, and five flat shaped ruffles. Sailor blouse, with tucked shield and collar. Pattern, $1.25. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 887. Frock of réseda camel's hair, trimmed with rows of open black silk braid over white. Sailor blouse with rounded collar and shield of white panné cloth. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 888. Frock of tan linen crash strapped with white linen. Sailor blouse with fashionable breast pocket flap. Shield of white linen, with embroidered anchor. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

PRETTY MODELS FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

(Illustrated on page 28.)

Fig. 889. Frock of China silk, trimmed with lace inserting and edging, and embroidered bands piped with satin. Yoke and bolero outlined on tucked blouse, plaided with inserting. Epaulettes formed by lace ruffles. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 890. Frock of mercerized silk mull, trimmed with lace inserting and edging and fagoting. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 891. Frock of colienne, trimmed with bias strips of polka dotted foulard. Effect of panel on skirt. Blouse with sailor collar of embroidered colienne. White shield. Embroidered tie. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 892. Frock of pin dotted foulard, trimmed with inserting, and embroidered straps. Tucked yoke, finished with new strap effect at throat. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 893. Frock of English mohair sicilienne. Skirt tucked at hip, with three shaped ruffles edged with three rows each of velvet baby ribbon. Tucked blouse with rippled double collar. White shield. Satin tie with embroidered ends. New sleeve. Pattern, $1.25. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

SUMMER STYLES FOR MISSES AND CHILDREN.

(Illustrated on page 30.)

Fig. 894. Long waisted child's frock of nainsook elaborately trimmed with tucks and inserting. Square sailor collar. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 895. Frock of India linen plaided with groups of tucks and trimmed with embroidery inserting and edging. Sailor collar. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 896. Long waisted frock of white nainsook, in groups of tucks, and with a cape collar and deep border of very open eyeletted embroidery. Fashionable long waist, and sloping shoulder effect. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 897. Frock of satin foulard. Gored skirt with tucked flounce, mounted with band of appliqué, and bordered with three rows of narrow

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velvet ribbon. Blouse laid in horizontal tucks. Pompadour effect at throat, bordered by guipure piece, which also forms epaulettes and bretelles. Pattern, skirt, $1.00; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. 898. Frock of tucked China silk trimmed with satin straps in scallops. Skirt with deep side plaited flounce, with two satin straps. Blouse with cape collar of tucked material, scalloped border of plain silk, outlined by straps. Lace ruffles. Full blouse vest. Buttoned straps. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

* * *

A HINT TO WOMEN.

Women should be careful of what facial creams they use. Some are not only injurious to the skin, but unhealthful in that their ingredients stop up the pores, and thus poison the system. The most reliable and oldest cream now on the market is Dr. Charles Flesh Food, which was first introduced by Dr. A. Charles, of Paris, France, in 1851, and is now exclusively used by the leading society women and actresses of two continents. It is claimed by the proprietors that Dr. Charles Flesh Food is the only preparation in the world that will round out hollow cheeks, remove wrinkles, and develop the immatured bust. Their numerous testimonials from leading physicians and others tend to bear out their statement.

* * *

CHARACTER OF THE MOUTH.

"By her mouth you may know a woman," a philosopher declares. Not always by the words that issue therefrom, but by the shape and color of the lips and by the delicate lines and dimples that gather about this feature. He is seconded by physiognomists since Lavater's time in the theory that no woman with a small and very red-lipped mouth was ever intellectual or generous of heart. "Give me the woman that is not fashion's slave and I will show you a wide mouth, with rather full and pink lips covering square, strong teeth," and if she is hospitably inclined, there will be little semi-circular lines about the corners of the lips that curl up when their owner laughs.

It is said that thin-lipped women are cruel and self-centered, malicious and deceitful, although exceptions against this rule can be quoted by everyone.

Women who are much given to fads and sudden friendships always show the middle of the upper lip lengthened to a little point.

Some pessimistic people believe that beautiful mouths are rarer than formerly; while among women the intellectual mouth is frequently noted the kissable mouth is a temptation seldom brought in one's way, and the lips modeled on classic pattern with rose-leaf tenderness and color are seen about once among every hundred women.

$1,000 FOR LADIES.

Among the many prize offers that have been made in our columns, it is so rare to have one emanate from a great dry-goods concern, rated at over $1,000,000 capital, that we wish to call special attention to the offer of Calhoun, Robbins & Co., of New York, to distribute $1,000 in prizes (from $200 down) to those ladies most expert in knitting and crocheting with their Lion Brand Yarn. Read their liberal offer on page 16. You can absolutely rely on the fairness and responsibility of this firm, and the high character of the judges, with other safeguards thrown around the contest, make an impartial judgment sure. P. R.

* * *

HOW A WOMAN HOLDS A MAN'S AFFECTIONS.

A wise and observing person stated the other day that many a wife complains that her husband does not take her out, that she only sees him at meals, or that he makes friendships in which she has no part. Further, that she blames him for neglecting her, and thinks herself ill-used; yet, he is only following the natural instinct of humanity—the fault is really hers. The easiest way a wife can hold her husband's affection and sympathy is by Beauty, which is possessed by using the great Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier; it will render your skin a soft pearly whiteness, free from tan, pimples, freckles, moth patches, and all blemishes of the skin—at the same time defies detection. The Oriental Cream has stood the test of the public approval for fifty-four years, and still gaining more. Gouraud's Poudre Subtile, or Depilatory Powder, will remove superfluous hair without pain or injury to the skin—try it. For sale by all Druggists or Fancy Goods dealers, or direct from Proprietor, 37 Great Jones Street, New York City.

* * *

APHORISMS.

There are many things in this world that constitute happiness and yet do not make us happy.

* * *

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

—Dean Swift.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE wish to call the attention of our subscribers and friends to the fact that with the September number eight additional pages full of interesting reading will be added to Pictorial Review.

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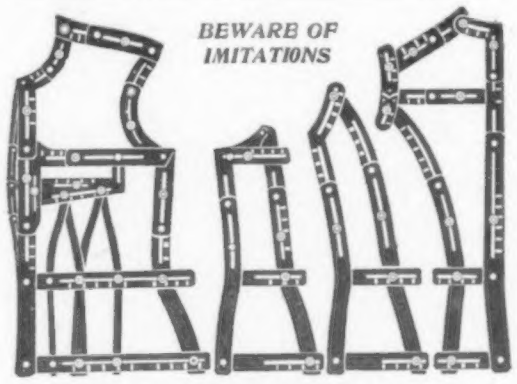

A FEW OF THE MEDALS AWARDED

Gold Medal—Pan-American	1901
Highest Award—Paris, France	1900
Gold Medal—Hamburg, Germany	1900
Gold Medal—Atlanta	1895
Gold Medal—San Francisco	1894
Highest Award—Chicago	1893

Used by most of the best dressmakers, and in the larges' establishments, like John Wanamaker's

CHICAGO, 1893

HAMBURG, 1900

Never defeated in any Contest

PARIS, 1900

Even in Paris, the Centre of Fashion

BUFFALO, 1901

Buy the McDowell System of Dress Cutting

ATLANTA, 1895

So simple, a child can use it
So perfect, it fits every form
Why not be up to date?

So adjustable it follows every fashion
So correct there is no refitting
Can you be without it?

Send for Illustrated Circular and Souvenir of Pan-American Exp.

THE McDOWELL GARMENT DRAFTING MACHINE COMPANY

4 and 6 West 14th Street, New York City, U. S. A.

JUL 5 1902

40 HIGHEST AWARDS

WON BY

Corticelli Silk

Corticelli Silk holds the world's record for superiority, having won 40 Highest Awards at Expositions held in the United States and abroad, including 4 Gold Medals at Buffalo, 1901. No other silk ever received one-half the like honors.

Besides Corticelli Spool Silk, we make the best Corticelli Machine Twist, Buttonhole Twist, Corticelli Stitching Silk, Corticelli Crochet Silk, Knitting Silk, Corticelli Purse Twist, and Corticelli Filo Wash Silk, Persian Floss, EE Embroidery Silk, etc., etc. When buying any of these goods always ask for "Corticelli." Be frank to express your preference for "Corticelli" when some clerk offers you something else claiming it is "just as good."

NOTICE TO DRESSMAKERS

We are trying our best to impress the dressmaking trade with this fact—There is no question but that Corticelli Silk is the best silk manufactured. It is full length, full weight, full size and full strength. Now as long as Corticelli costs YOU no more than some inferior kind, why don't you use it? On your next order specify "Corticelli," and don't accept some other brand on which the merchant probably makes a greater profit.

Corticelli Silk Mills, 54 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass.